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TO A FRIEND.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Dear friend, when life for me is done,
Its labor o'er,
And I shall sleep at set of sun
To wake no more,
Will thou not come and drop a tear
For one who loved thee well and dear?

I shall not answer when you weep,
As wont to do,
For love my calm undreaming sleep
Cannot break through;
But I shall feel your tears for me,
Though wrapped in death's great mystery.

The daisies blooming o'er my grave
Shall seem more fair,
More sweetly shall the grasses wave
When thou art there;
For we are one in heart, dear friend,
And death cannot our friendship end.

Forever done with care and fret,
In heavenly birth,
Yet my glad soul will not forget
The loved of earth,
And I would linger by thy side,
Know though I shall be glorified

And when thou too art tired of life,
And laying down
The cross, the burden, and the strife,
Shall take the crown,
I shall be first thee well to greet,
And claim in Heaven my earthly friend.

SADIE BEATTY.

St. Leger's Love;

or,

THE SIEGE OF STANWIX.

A Romance of the Revolution.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BURR THORNBURY,

AUTHOR OF "RAVENSWOOD," "SKALP, THE SCOUT," "AGNES AYRE," &c.

COLONEL ST. LEGER DISCOVERS MRS. LIVINGSTON TO BE AMONG HIS PRISONERS.

While this terrifying scene was being enacted above, another of such a serio-comic character was presented in the basement of the Hall, that, though the transition may seem almost too great to be warranted, we pause to make it.

Miss Catherine Coot could not have claimed that the part she had thus far borne in the defence was either conspicuous or creditable. Other women—and some of the larger children even—had so employed themselves as to make their services almost equal to those of the men. They attended to the wounded after the surgeon had done his part; they carried water to the thirsty rangers—it was a sultry summer night, and this office was a most grateful one to the wearied defenders; they replenished the emptied water-vessels; and performed other acts of like nature.

But the pusillanimous Catherine, though physically capable of great exertion, had not once offered to assist in any way. She occupied herself chiefly in bewailing the situation, concentrating her concern chiefly upon herself, or deploring the effect of her anticipated death upon the absent Abraham.

When the demand for water to extinguish the flames above became so pressing, she still volunteered no assistance.

"Here, you crate lazy gal!" cried a piping old voice that proceeded from a white-headed but vigorous Dutch dame, "gife us some of you help. Post your pig hands to ter bump." And she motioned imperiously toward that quarter.

"What ish to use of so much work when we are all to be kilt enyhow?" sighed the shameless shirk, moving reluctantly toward the pump, and taking the place of a wearied matron.

She worked vigorously for a short time, when, tiring of the toil, she conceived a ruse to relieve herself.

A tub, filled with water, was about to be carried up the stairway by two willing but wearied women.

"Let me dake it? I am strongt!" cried the cunning Catherine, springing toward them and seizing the heavy vessel. Her physical strength they knew was great, and they abandoned their burden to her without demur.

With comparative ease she ascended the stairway, lifting the tub a step at a time in advance of her. Just as she reached the top, and before she had firmly placed her load upon the floor, an unusually startling discharge of firearms, and a wilder whoop and yell occurred outside.

Miss Coot screamed her terror, and, involuntarily grasping the insecurely poised vessel of water, she tipped it toward her. The stairway was instantly converted into a cataract. Tub and contents roared to the bottom, and she drenched and terrified Catherine with them!

"Oh, goot Lordt! I am dreonted! I am praised to teath!" she cried, in piteous dismay. "Oh, what will pecome of me!"

The ludicrousness of the scene—the contradictory exclamations of the girl and her probable escape from serious injuries—for she bounced to her feet immediately, apparently unhurt—raised a momentary laugh from all present, notwithstanding the horrors of their situation.

"You great blundering baby!" ejaculated one of the servants of the Hall, as he sprang—not to the aid of Miss Coot, but to grasp the emptied tub and bear it to be refilled.

Catherine's abundant adipose tissue had indeed saved her bones from fracture, and as soon as she could emerge from her bewilderment, she was herself again.

The roof of Seymour Hall was ablaze in twenty places. The efforts of those of the little garrison there engaged, were now directed not to the preservation of the roof, but to extinguishing the dropping fire-brands that threatened to communicate the flames to the floor.

The smoke had become almost stifling; the heat almost unendurable. Suddenly athwart the darkened sky, which, now little but ascending smoke-clouds intervened to hide, gleamed a quick, dazzling light that was kindled not by hostile hands. A terrific peal succeeded—almost accompanied it.

Startling as was the sound, never did one more welcome fall upon human ears.

"Heaven intervenes to save us!"

The lightning and thunder, not of God's wrath, but of His mercy, had indeed heralded the salvation of those despairing ones. In less than a minute a heavy fall of rain descended upon the blazing roof, completely extinguishing every spark of fire.

What praise, what cries of gratitude and gladness then ascended to the midnight sky!

With their burning brows uplifted to the cool, delicious touch of the rain, upon their knees sank those heroic men, feeling that Heaven had directly befriended them.

Those were days when simple unquestioning faith and piety were more prevalent than now; when men doubted less the efficacy of prayer, the duty and excellence of praise, and the direct care of the Father for his children.

Would that such beliefs were more extended and cherished in the present!

We will not attempt to picture the joy and congratulations that followed when the fact of their deliverance was known to all within those roofless walls.

As if awed by the signal failure of their second plan, the besiegers disturbed them no more that night.

The rain soon ceased; the stars pulsed peacefully in the clear and quiet blue; silence succeeded the late uproar; and the weary defenders of the Hall rested after the long excitement. Though daylight would renew their dangers, grateful, prayerful—more hopeful even—they awaited the coming of the dawn.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SURRENDER.

Morning came, fresh and beautiful after the vitalizing rain. From the windows of the Hall anxious watchers gazed to note the first movements of the enemy, who, they well knew, had not relinquished his hostile designs.

A few of the irregular force that had attacked them were to be seen, but they made no unfriendly demonstrations; they seemed to be acting the part of guards only. Very soon, however, matters assumed a more threatening aspect. A body of red-coated soldiers appeared, bringing with them a single piece of artillery. The gun was unlimbered, brought to bear upon the defiant little stronghold, and without a previous demand for surrender, it was discharged.

The loud boom of the piece was the introduction to another day of fear and danger. The heavy ball struck with terrific force against the solid wall that fronted the gun, but fell without making much sign of a breach.

Much surprise was expressed at this unceremonious action of the enemy.

"Out with a signal of surrender," ordered Captain Hale. "We can't stand this. I thought those fellows would be civil enough to ask us to yield; but that talk is plain enough. I suppose they thought it wasn't worth while to parley, after the experience of their allies yesterday and last night. Well, they've complimented us, anyhow. Out with the the white, Braisted! There's no use in dallying; though if it were not for the women and children, I *would* like to be a little slower, just for the fun of the thing. How neatly those fellows at the gun could be picked off!"

Seeing the sign of surrender displayed, a second discharge of the piece did not follow; but a considerable force of the regulars approached, joined now by not a few of their tory friends. This last sight was not a pleasing one to the patriots, for they remembered the many atrocities committed by Butler and the Johnsons, most infamous of loyalist leaders. But the presence of the red-coats—and the entire absence of the Indians—in a degree re-assured them.

"Come out and give up your arms, ye villainous rebels!" cried the commander of the party, as they approached within hailing distance.

"Do you grant us protection from massacre?" asked Captain Hale.

"We make no terms with you. You have already surrendered."

"And to men possessing some humanity, we trust," answered the captain, though he sighed as if he doubted. To his comrades he said: "It is not worth while to haggle for a promise. Their blood is not hot just now, and we are safe from slaughter. A brief delay may bring the savages to us. It puzzles me to think why they are not already present—unless they regard, as we do, our preservation last night as an act of Providence, and fear to war against the Great Spirit."

This view of the matter was very plausible, and was undoubtedly correct.

We need not dwell upon the particulars of the submission of our brave friends. The rangers were deprived of their rifles and small arms, including their hunting-knives, casting many a rueful glance toward their surrendered weapons, but submitting to the inevitable with the best grace possible. They were not treated entirely as brave men deserve to be by their captors, but no bloodshed attended the capitulation.

The solicitude of the rangers was chiefly for the women and children—for whom now the dismal prospect of a long and perilous captivity was presented.

Captain Hale, wounded and suffering as he was—for his injury, though not disabling, now caused him great pain—did not forget the fair young mistress of the Hall, nor her distressed friend, Mrs. Livingston.

"I would ask," he said to the officer of the regulars, "your most considerate treatment of Miss Edith Seymour, whose home has been the scene of this struggle. She lies seriously ill in an upper chamber, and I trust that you will take immediate steps to guard it from the intrusion of any of your command or followers, and her from any further alarm."

"Ah!" exclaimed the officer, interested. "Miss Edith Seymour! Is she young and fair?"

Captain Hale's brow darkened fearfully, and then the red flush of anger and indignation rose to his cheeks.

"She is weak and helpless!" he thundered, and the fellow quailed before him. "Dare you ask more?"

The Briton, recovering himself and remembering his power and advantages, fronted the sturdy rebel insolently and angrily, and would perhaps have struck the unarmed man with his sword, had not a tory present, wearing the uniform of a Captain of the Greens, who had also become instantly interested at the mention of Miss Seymour's name, sprung forward, saying:

"Let me make this *my* business, major, if you please. I would pardon the rebel for his spirit if he had shown it toward me—Miss Seymour is worthy of a champion."

"You know her then?" queried the British major, turning from his prisoner to his ally.

The latter smiled peculiarly, with a wicked gleam in his eyes at the same time.

"I knew her father," he said savagely. "I presumed to know *her*. I desire to extend the acquaintance. Do you yield her to me, major?" The officer looked edified as he assented, concluding with—

"I suspect you have secured the best portion of our captures, Captain Hoyt. But now to your duty, and I'll to mine."

The person to whom Edith had thus been yielded as a special prisoner, chuckling with sinister satisfaction, proceeded to ascertain personally the condition of his captive, and to secure her exemption from unnecessary alarm. He had not the indelicacy and hardihood to enter her chamber, but mindful of its location, and in an interview with Dr. Barton assured him that his patient was safe from personal harm, and requested his further attendance upon her. Which of course the surgeon was rejoiced to have opportunity to give.

Captain Welmore Hoyt—for such was the name of the tory—was a tall, finely-proportioned man, not less than thirty years of age; handsome in mere features; with a dashing, dissolute air, mingled with a sort of swagger which he had probably learned from some of his conceited associates among the inferior British officers. He was not coarse; he was not cultivated; but he certainly could be cruel. Let him be for a moment balked, annoyed or offended—and the tiger quality showed. His hair was black and abundant, with a glossy gleam that was particularly noticeable. His eyes were very dark, with a light in their depths that was not the light of a noble soul, but rather the fire of perfect health and sensual appetite. His eyebrows were heavy and flexible—a frequent contraction of them which he was in the habit of making amounting to a peculiarity. He wore, as we have noted, the uniform of an officer of the Johnson Greens, with pistols, sword and belt.

To superficial observers, Captain Hoyt might be a wholly prepossessing person—the ideal of a partisan soldier. But there were those who saw deeper, and if in his power or under his authority would be careful to avoid exciting his ill-will or enmity. He had some months before offered himself as a suitor to Edith Seymour; but that patriotic young lady plainly expressed her preference for other society. Even had their political views harmonized, she could not have accepted his suit, for he was not one whom her young heart would have chosen. Into more loving and loyal keeping had it been given, as the disappointed tory had learned, to the hatred of his successful rival, but not to the surrender of his desires in relation to Edith.

And now she was in the power of her rejected suitor, though the knowledge was as yet kept from her.

While Captain Hoyt occupied himself in providing for the present well-being of his prisoner, the remainder of the victorious enemy busied themselves in securing the non-combatants and in plundering the Hall.

The sad and fear-stricken women and children wept and lamented as they witnessed the pillage, and thought of their forlorn situation. Thankful that their lives were for the time spared, they could not rejoice beyond that.

Catherine Coot had attempted concealment, thinking neither of the difficulty nor the foolishness of the act. When discovered, she at first screamed wildly and then pleaded piteously.

"Oh, goot Mister Pritisher!" she exclaimed to the red-coat who found her wedged in a shadowy closet in the great kitchen, and who, if the importance of his captive was to be measured by the size of her person, would have secured a prize indeed, "you ain't apout to kill me, I hopes!"

The man laughed coarsely. Had his intentions been the most murderous, they must have softened at the sight of the ludicrous picture before him. The apprehension, the pleading eloquence expressed in the looks of the fat-faced girl, would have had effect upon any savage of the Six Nations.

"You would make a big blood-spot," he said, knowing he had found a fool, and thinking to frighten her more, as if that were possible; delighting as coarse natures do, in making sport of the simple-minded.

"Oh, goot Lordt! yes!" screamed she, believing that he meant to act upon his sanguinary suggestion. "And you would get some on your nice clothes."

"The color's the same," he said, with a smile behind his assumed fierceness, which Catherine in her terror could not see.

"Bleese ton't! Oh, goot Lordt! put up your sticker—your pagonet, I means."

"Well, well, I won't kill you. You ought to live, *you* ought."

"Why!" asked she, fearing she was to be reserved for a worse fate.

The question was a poser to the fellow.

"Way!" he echoed. "Sure enough!—why?"

There was nothing now visible in his countenance but an expression of amusement. Catherine saw this, and in sudden hope said, confirmatorily—

"Ton you lets me off?"

"With your life?—*yes*."

The concession encouraged her to ask for a greater one.

"Meppo—goot mister Britisher, meppe you will leafe me go entirely?"

"Haw! haw! haw!" laughed the red-coat.

Catherine thought the proposition for her liberation pleased him.

"I wouldt pe no goot to you," she continued argumentatively.

"Nor to any one else," chimed in one of the witnesses of this scene—one who had been disgusted with the damsel's selfishness and poltroonery as recently exhibited.

"Besides," resumed Miss Coot, ignoring this impertinence—"besides—" And here she halted in confusion.

"Besides what?" was demanded.

"Apraham wouldt—wouldt—wouldt—"

"Abraham is your sweetheart," said the soldier with a sudden gleam of apprehension in his eyes. "You won't want to go now—we've catched *him* too. You'll want to be together."

"Oh, goot Lordt!" ejaculated the appalled girl, with more fervency than ever. "Have you caught my Apraham?"

"Yes, oxen and all. But I've wasted too much time with you, my sweet fool; I'll lose all my chances at the spoils." And turning he left the wretched Catherine to her misery.

The prisoners—the rangers excepted—were not removed at once from the Hall. Dr. Barton was left in attendance upon Edith, and Mrs. Livingston, with Gertie, was also permitted to minister to her sick friend. Colonel Bayton was treated as humanely, and his presence added consolation to the hearts of the captives.

The bodies of those who were killed during the siege were removed and interred; and the wounded received attention.

Catherine Coot now recovered from her fright sufficiently to make herself as much a nuisance as ever. She had fared much better than she expected, and declared that "ter tories and Britishers were not so pad after all." She expressed her faith that Abraham would not suffer at their hands, and was comforted with the possibility of soon meeting him. In the afternoon her condition was so marvellously improved, that she ventured to the garden of the Hall to ascertain if any early "cappage" was there to be found—a production for which, next after herself and Abraham, she entertained a strong partiality. But we must leave Miss Coot and our more valued friends at the Hall, and turn to other scenes.

CHAPTER IX.

THE INVESTED FORT—ORISKANY.

St. Leger and his Indian and tory allies had appeared before and surrounded Fort Stanwix—that one serious and, as it proved, stubborn obstacle that prevented his triumphant march down the beautiful valley to join Burgoyne in winning further and final victories.

The garrison of Stanwix had observed the sudden approach of the enemy in the direction of Seymour Hall, and knew that their friends at that place, unless immediately rescued, must fall into the hands of the hostile forces. But a stern sense of military duty and of the importance of the trusts committed to him, deterred the commander of the fort from attempting a diversion in favor of the beleaguered ones. To save them, lives would have to be sacrificed that could ill be spared from the none too numerous force at his command.

Until the storm arose at midnight, the noise of the assault and defence was heard at Stanwix; and the glare against the sky that proclaimed the attempted burning of the Hall, was witnessed with sad hearts by the garrison.

The next day came the summons of St. Leger to surrender. To this demand, which was accompanied with a threat that unless the flag of the fort was immediately hauled down, the garrison and every man, woman and child in the Mohawk country would be massacred as an unavoidable consequence of opposition to the Indians, the gallant Gansevoort replied:

"The United States have entrusted me with the charge of this post, and I am determined to defend it to the last extremity, against all enemies whatsoever, without any concern for the consequences of doing my duty."

The emissary of the enemy at once withdrew—it was useless to parley long with such men.

Ground was at once broken for the siege, and the bloody work of reducing the fort was commenced.

Another messenger, in addition to Lieut. Livingston, already named, was dispatched by Colonel Gansevoort to urge General Herkimer to hasten to the assistance of the garrison.

Our narrative now turns to the quarter in which that gallant general was collecting his men to march to the relief of Fort Stanwix.

The scene is near the spot soon to be mournfully celebrated as the field of Oriskany.

The time is the evening of August 5, 1777.

A considerable force of militia, collected from all quarters, but chiefly from Tryon County, was encamped in the slumberous gloom of the summer night, having completed a hard day's march.

They were for the most part raw and undisciplined troops; hot, hasty, fired by the atrocities committed upon their countrymen by Indian and tory foe; and eager to be led against their enemies.

Near the centre of the camp, the veteran Herkimer and a few of his more experienced subordinates were holding a council of war.

The tent in which this meeting was held is erected only to secure the necessary privacy—there being no need of such a protection at that season from the weather.

"You say the temper of your men is such as to render them uncontrollable," said General Herkimer, addressing an officer near him.

"It is," was the response.

"And of yours, Major Vane?"

"The same, I regret to say."

The commander looked very serious. At length, breaking the silence, he said:

"I fear the worst consequences if this spirit prevails. I have not fully realized its existence until recently—but such is my dread of its strength, that I have not invited certain officers, who otherwise should be here, to attend this council. The infection extends to them; like their men, they are wild with the thirst for vengeance, blinded to the perils of our position, and fit for anything but soldierly obedience and efficient action. The moment defeat threatens, panic will seize them. We are not ready for an advance yet; but they clamor to be led forward. We should wait for reinforcements. What is to be done in the face of such facts?"

There was no reply.

"I know my duty as commander," resumed the veteran, "and I shall do it. But beyond a certain point I am powerless. The responsibility, as relates to myself, must there end. To-morrow we must either advance, or wait for additional troops where we are. I shall counsel and *command* the latter; but I fear I shall not be obeyed. You know the spirit that reigns, and know also, that it is not to be conquered in a night. Let us now turn to other matters. Lieutenant Livingston, what is your opinion of the number of men St. Leger could send against us?"

The young officer addressed was Lionel Livingston, the son of Mrs. Livingston and the betrothed lover of Edith Seymour. He was not more than two and twenty years of age; of slender, graceful person, just beginning to acquire the heavier strength of perfected manhood. His eyes were dark and sparkling; his complexion clear, and tinged with a warm brown, the result of healthful exposure in field and forest. In his cheeks this rich olive hue was overcome by the softly burning rose-tint of health, and when his cap was removed, his brow, shaded by the fore-piece, showed white as marble, yet glistening with a look of life. A mouth, sweet as a woman's, and proud and firm as a man's should be; warm mobile lips; a Grecian nose and a well-rounded dimpled chin completed this picture of attractive young manhood.

The lieutenant was certainly very handsome, but what most distinguished his appearance was the look of modest confidence, united with a slight pensiveness of expression that he wore. Brave, bright and buoyant as he was, there was nothing pert or pretentious in his manner, but rather a gentle gravity, as if his young heart had already felt deeply his country's cares and wrongs. As indeed it had, apart from personal anxieties arising out of the war.

He had on the uniform of a lieutenant in the Continental service, though his dress was faded and stained, as if it had been subjected to long and trying wear. In those days, however, the patriot troops—officers and men alike—congratulated themselves if they managed to obtain garments of any style, texture, or degree of usefulness whatever. But our young hero did not need a dress-parade-suit to make him attractive—his bright, thoughtful face and his true soldierly bearing were enough without.

In reply to the general's question, he said—

"Colonel Gansevoort has no positive

knowledge of the number of the enemy; but he thinks St. Leger's force is sufficient to hold the garrison, while Brant, and perhaps Butler, is despatched against us."

"We may count on both," remarked the commander, emphatically.

After further discussion of the situation, especially as related to the disposition of the militia and volunteer officers, the council was broken up; the general saying that he would address his troops at daybreak.

By early light the camp was astir. One thought, one determination alone seemed to animate the men—to precipitate themselves upon the foe, and take vengeance for the barbarities that had been committed.

Securing the attention of his troops, General Herkimer announced his purpose to delay the advance until fresh arrivals of militia.

An instantaneous murmur of dissatisfaction followed.

"Lead us against the enemy at once!"

"Vengeance to-day, upon the tory hordes!"

"Give us a chance at Brant and Butler!"

"Remember our burning homes; our murdered wives and children!"

"The fort will fall unless immediately relieved!"

"Onward to Stanwix!"

Such were the cries, the importunities that greeted the old general's ears. He saw their madness, but resolved to appeal to them, since he saw his authority was lost in their wild impatience.

"We are not prepared to go forward. A few hours' delay will save us from defeat."

"No, no!" cried the insubordinate array.

"I refuse to order an advance," declared the veteran, firmly.

The clamors, the wildness of the men increased.

"*Coward!*" cried a voice at last.

The quick ears of the old soldier caught the dreadful word. It stung him like the hot touch of a bullet. His look was terrible. His eyes blazed with rage and indignation.

"*Coward!*" he repeated, with bitter emphasis. "It is enough. The army shall go forward!"

He turned quickly and disdainfully away, and issued immediate orders to that effect.

Though not one of his men in a calmer mood would dare to accuse him of cowardice, and all regretted that his cheerful assent to their desire had not at first been given, the order to move was hailed with delight by the disorderly mass.

They were soon in motion, much confusion prevailing, but the best of spirits reigning in the ranks. After marching about two miles, they reached a gentle acclivity, bounded by a deep ravine, which, after crossing the road from north to south, swept toward the east, so as to form a semicircle. The bottom of the ravine was marshy, and the road crossed it by means of a causeway.

So impetuous had been the forward movement of the militia, that the precaution of sending out scouts in advance to feel the enemy and prevent ambuscade, had been forgotten or neglected. Where the responsibility of this omission rests, cannot, perhaps, be fairly said; but to the insubordination of the majority we think should be ascribed the censure for this indifference.

Lieutenant Livingston was one of the first to note the neglect of a very common and necessary precaution.

"Heaven preserve us!" he exclaimed to a fellow-officer. "Whither are we going? Do you observe, major, the mad and unguarded haste of our advance?"

"The folly is all of one piece," rejoined the other, bitterly.

"But the general is certainly aware of the danger."

"The general is as mad as the rest now."

"And no wonder—to be so insulted by his men."

"Yes—yes; it was shameless—cruel; but the safety of the troops should not be thus jeopardized."

"They will be taught a wholesome lesson, perhaps."

The tone of the speaker was mercilessly bitter. He had evidently felt the reproach offered his beloved general as deeply as Herkimer himself.

"A bloody and fatal lesson, I fear," said the young soldier, in answer to his comrade.

So great was his unrest and his sense of the peril which might be near, that he was about to hasten to the commander of the troops and urge—even at the risk of being rebuked for impertinence—that at least a few skirmishers should be thrown in advance of the main body. By this time the jubilant and over-eager militia had reached the opening of the semicircle described. The head of the straggling column entered.

Oh, if they could only have seen the ambushed foe that lurked in many a covert, ready with rifle and tomahawk to begin the work of massacre. But they pressed with blind speed on, until all but the rear guard had passed within the fatal opening.

Suddenly the devoted band received a galling fire from tree and bush and rock; and the wild yells of Butler's tories and Brant's savages burst upon their ears. The ranks of the militia—disordered at best—were broken at the first fire; but the fatal circle was closed behind them, cutting off their retreat. Their general fell wounded and the Indians were preparing to charge with the tomahawk. Happily Herkimer was still able to direct the battle—none thought him a coward now—and, forming his men in circles, or placing them back to back, the charge of the savages was received on the points of their knives and bayonets.

The conflict was terrible. The militiamen were brave, and, after their first panic subsided, fought heroically. Personal danger seemed forgotten in the struggle, and many were the deeds of mortal daring witnessed that day of blood. On one side could be seen the figure of the wounded Herkimer, now rising to animate his men, now sinking in exhaustion; on the other, the tall, haughty form of Brant, flying from point to point, and cheering and encouraging his warriors. He was ubiquitous; a hundred rifles had been pointed at him, but not a bullet found its aim.

The sanguinary conflict was after a time arrested by a heavy thunder storm that came suddenly up. The enemy retired to some neighboring trees, and General Herkimer re-formed his broken bands. In the early part of the battle, if a militiaman fired his gun from a covert, if discovered, an Indian rushed up and tomahawked him before he could reload. Herkimer observing this, to defeat such tactics, placed two men together at a single tree or covert, one to reserve his fire until the savage ran up as before. The result proved deadly to many a cunning Mohawk.

After an hour's intermission the struggle was renewed more desperately than before. The patriots received the charge with firmness, while their hidden marksmen picked off so many of the enemy that the latter began to give way. Victory, or at least preservation from utter defeat and rout, seemed to be promised the ambuscaded force.

It was a critical moment of the conflict.

A wild cheer of anticipated triumph rose from the wearied but hopeful Americans. The answer to it came not alone from those with whom they had been contending—a fresh body of tories had arrived on the field.

"The Johnson Greens! the Johnson Greens!" exclaimed the tired patriots, dismayed at this accession to the force of the enemy. But they continued the struggle with the same desperate courage, heightened if possible, by the circumstance that the greater part of the Greens were personally known to them, and hated worse than the savages themselves.

But all could not avail; the odds were too fearfully against them. Few would have escaped, but for a vigorous and gallant sortie from Fort Stanwix, led by Col. Willett, upon the camp of the besiegers, thus creating a diversion in favor of the overpowered militiamen.

Upon this and the concluding portion of the day of Oriskany we will dwell hereafter. We must now follow the movements of Lieutenant Livingston and see what befell him on that bloody field.

His position was at first on the extreme left of the imprudently advancing troops. When the battle began, he, with the rest, was forced back, leaving not a few of their comrades dead, others to feel the cruel tomahawk and scalping knife.

Many were his escapes from death; varying was his position within that semi-circle of battle, for the shifts and changes of the combatants were as chance, necessity or opportunity directed.

After the storm had passed and the fight had been renewed—in that fearful moment when the cry of reinforcements for the enemy arose—he found himself, with a dozen of his comrades, considerably advanced to the left and well toward the front. The movement of the whole mass seemed forward, and the lieutenant and his party were determined not to be behind the rest. They soon had their progress interrupted by the thick and tangled nature of the bushes and the softness of the soil. No enemy appeared to be immediately before them, and in a few seconds they were not only ahead of the main body of their friends—a fact which could not be at once discovered because of the smoke—but a little in doubt as to the proper course to be pursued. They seemed to have carried themselves forward to the enemy's line and through a gap that happened to there exist, until they were beyond the heated and smoky brink of the battle.

They paused a moment in bewilderment, gathering themselves together, so as to be prepared for any sudden attack.

A strange hush—as contrasted with the din beyond—seemed to exist where they stood. The rattling of musketry, the sharp crack of rifles, the cries of the combatants, were not far away, but even the short distance softened all into comparative silence.

A cricket chirped among the bogs at their feet, attesting the loneliness and abandonment of the spot. A cricket's chirp!—there was something fearfully unnatural in that tiny sound, with the roar and confusion of battle such a little distance from them. It was like the cry of a bird in the tornado—like a child's voice by the stormy sea.

The little party instantly comprehended their situation. They stood on the outer verge of that circle of death, separated from their friends, but safe from immediate danger. They might have withdrawn from the perilous locality—from the undecided fight—but not one thought of that.

"How shall we rejoin our comrades?" asked the lieutenant, to whom the others appeared instinctively to look as their leader, notwithstanding his youthfulness.

"The heart of the fight is yonder," spoke one, indicating a direction over which the smoke hung heaviest, and where the firing was loudest."

"And our help is needed," said Lionel quickly. "Come, men."

With all the swiftness consistent with due caution they moved forward, headed by their young leader, until a quick word of warning from him stopped them all. Scanning objects around him as he advanced, his keen eye had caught a glimpse of a waving object just above a decayed log a few rods distant.

"Down, men! down all of you!" he shouted, after his first quick whisper and gesture of alarm.

Springing behind a tree himself, he was just in time to avoid a bullet from the gun of a huge Mohawk, whose waving tuft of feathers he had spied behind the fallen trunk. The savage bounded to his feet as he fired, and would soon have disappeared, had not a ball from one of the hidden whites pierced his brain.

Whether to advance or retreat was now a question with the party; and an immediate decision was perhaps necessary. The shot from the rifle of him who had slain the Mohawk, had doubtless been heard by others of their foes.

Their uncertainty was quickly ended by a cry from one of their number—

"Here they come! Back for your lives."

They scattered, each gliding like a shadow from the spot. The discovery and the movement were made none too soon; for following as the report follows the flash, the sharp echo of a score of rifles struck their ears, and twigs and leaves fell at their feet, cut loose by the leaden hail. No cry from any announced to the others that the volley had not been harmless, and no longer endeavoring to keep together, they continued their retreat.

Yet, though they made no efforts to remain in a body, three or four of the party still kept in each other's presence. Lionel was one of these. As he and his few companions retired, just as they were becoming satisfied that they had eluded their pursuers, a new and imminent danger arose in front. They came suddenly upon a party of savages, while at the same unfortunate moment the yells of other foes sounded appallingly behind and either side.

There was but one course opened to the environed men—to dash forward at every hazard, by loud, repeated cries making their number appear greater, and using their weapons with the best effect. Followed closely by his comrades, our hero charged upon the foe, bringing one to the ground with his rifle—for he was thus armed—and hearing the quick shots of his men succeed the report of his own gun. The savages fired also, and, enveloped by the smoke of the discharge, the combatants met. What followed the lieutenant never clearly knew. A blow that was meant for a deadly one, but missed its murderous aim, laid him low upon the yielding soil. He was only stunned, not wounded, for the blade struck him with its side, not its already crimsoned edge. But a heavy hand was upon him, two powerful arms encircled his unconscious form, and pinioned his arms to his sides.

Satiated with slaughter, doubtless, his captor cared not to slay him, but to reserve him as a prisoner—perhaps for a crueler death.

He shortly revived; his victorious enemy—a huge and hideously painted Mohawk—noting this, commanded him to arise, urging him forward, when upon his feet, in a direction indicated by a fierce gesture of the hand.

He still heard the roar and rout of the lost battle, but his steps were from its gory centre.

CHAPTER X.

THE SORTIE FROM STANWIX—A STARTLING RECOGNITION.

The fight was raging at Oriskany.

The garrison of Fort Stanwix had noted the withdrawal of a large portion of the besieging force to assist in the slaughter of Herkimer's ambuscaded militia.

Now was Gansevoort's opportunity to strike a blow at St. Leger's troops ere Brant and Butler and "Bloody Guy" returned.

The order was promptly issued to prepare for a sortie in force.

"Colonel Willett, will you lead the attack?" asked the commander of the fort.

"I shall be proud to do so," was the gallant colonel's answer.

"Then forward at once."

The word was passed; and, forth from the beleaguered stronghold rushed the assaulting columns.

It was a stirring sight. With desperate fury the patriots fell upon the works and camp of the besiegers, killing many, taking many prisoners, driving numbers to the woods, capturing baggage and besieging tools, and carrying terror to the hearts of the foes.

St. Leger was dismayed at the fury of the attack and the success that attended it. But he rallied his men as best he could, and strove to hold his ground until his allies returned to his assistance.

In the course of the fight, it happened that one portion of his line was borne back, until Seymour Hall, which, as we know, stood just within the besieger's camp, was reached. Here the flying men took refuge; and thus the Hall that had lately been assaulted by the invaders, became to them what it had been to our friends—a place of shelter, most opportunely offered.

Edith Seymour—now nearly recovered from her sudden and prostrating illness, for some time had elapsed since that night of terrors—Mrs. Livingston, and others of the prisoners who had there been taken, were still at the Hall.

"Oh, if the victory would only prove complete!" prayed all. "If we only could be thus rescued!"

But the hope was vain; the Hall proved as strong a defence as when it was before attacked, and there was no time to give to its reduction. The work of destroying the enemy's works was the first object of the sortie, and when this was accomplished the assailants must retire. Though the captives rejoiced at the triumph of their countrymen, it was with a sinking, despairing feeling that they saw them withdraw toward the fort.

It so happened that the British commander, Colonel St. Leger himself, was at that portion of the line that gave way and retreated until they threw themselves into the Hall. The colonel was borne along with his flying men, and formed one of the number that entered.

The pursuers charged fiercely upon the Hall, but immediately saw that their efforts to dislodge the red-coats must necessarily prove futile, and after the first fierce endeavor, withdrew to assist in making captures at other points.

St. Leger was therefore in the Hall but a few minutes, yet that brief time sufficed to give him a surprise greater than any occasioned by the attacking patriots.

It happened thus: When it was seen by the inmates of the Hall that a rallying point was there to be made, Mrs. Livingston and Edith Seymour, both of whom had been below stairs, were hastening to an upper chamber. They were later than they thought. The door of the Hall had been opened and the fugitives were already pouring wildly in. The confusion and uproar may be imagined.

The two ladies found their retreat cut off, and were forced to take refuge in another quarter. The storm of fight quickly subsided, and then they again attempted to gain their chamber—not knowing how soon the conflict would be renewed, and painfully anxious to rejoin their friends upstairs. Glancing eagerly before them, the way seemed open, as the majority of the British had already left the building. But just as they crossed the hall to the foot of the stairway two or three officers were seen descending, the foremost of whom was St. Leger himself. It was too late to retreat; and besides, Mrs. Livingston at her first glimpse of the face of the man before her, was so overcome with astonishment as to be incapable of movement. A look of amazed recognition showed on her features, she became deathly pale; a gasping cry escaped her lips; she trembled—staggered and would have fallen, had not Edith, who on the instant noted her extreme agitation, sprung to her support. St. Leger also extended her momentary assistance.

He too was powerfully agitated by this strange meeting. The same amazed look of recognition was seen in his face, and a name was indistinctly uttered—or shaped rather by his lips. He did not speak—he did nothing beyond giving that momentary support to the palsied form of the fair woman whom he had thus strangely met. Then he passed on, for the exigencies of the moment were most pressing—he had his disordered ranks to reform, his captured camp to regain.

But a flush was on his cheeks that was not the battle's heat; a light was in his eye that the excitement of the struggle had not kindled. His fellow officers had noticed this surprised and wordless recognition, but without more than a quick, wondering and admiring glance at the two ladies, they hastened on after their leader.

"Oh, Edith, Edith!" gasped Mrs. Livingston to the amazed girl, as the officers passed on, and she clung to her as the stairway was ascended.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked the bewildered and alarmed Edith. "You surely do not—"

"Let us reach our chamber first."

They met Col Sayton further up. He naturally supposed their excited looks to be owing to the alarm that had been occasioned by their being caught below stairs and kept there during the fight.

"I was greatly distressed on your account," he said. "You were imprudent to remain below during the contest. Why did you not ascend?"

"We are unharmed, colonel," said Mrs. Livingston, "but regret that our absence caused you alarm. Return with us, and I will explain how it was that we were detained."

"I will ascertain the result of the sortie first, if you please."

"Do so, then; but be very careful of your movements," enjoined Mrs. Livingston, in her agitation, not permitting her solicitude for the welfare of the brave old man to lessen.

"You should have remembered that yourselves," said he, with a reproving smile as he parted from them.

Entering the room that had been assigned them, through the agency of Captain Wellmore Hoyt, as their special quarters, Mrs. Livingston, first tenderly embracing her little daughter, who was there in temporary charge of one of the female servants of the Hall, and then dismissing the women to another apartment, turned, still pale and trembling, to Edith, meeting the excited, questioning gaze of the fair girl.

"You are acquainted with the officer we met in the Hall—you recognized him?" faltered the latter.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Livingston, speaking painfully.

"And it was Colonel St. Leger himself!" said Edith in astonishment. "I—I have never heard you intimate, dear Mrs. Livingston, that you were personally acquainted with the British commander."

"Are you sure that the officer was Colonel St. Leger?" asked the elder lady, startled anew.

The astonishment of Edith Seymour at this question became greater if possible than before.

"You said you knew him," she said, bewildered.

"I knew, long ago, the officer we met; but as Mr. Arthur Bently. Can he and Colonel St. Leger be the same? Oh, Edith if that is so, I have been basely deceived. Did you hear his companions address him as St Leger."

"Yes," returned Edith; "as they descended the stairs. His rank is evident from his uniform—the man was Colonel St. Leger."

"He is a dishonorable man then—listen, dear Edith. Years since I met him in England; not in society, but under circumstances that gave him every opportunity to present himself under a name not really his, but which he must have assumed for some base reason."

She paused, blushing deeply; and then with pride and indignation gaining the mastery over other feelings, continued—

"I was unmarried then, and this false Arthur Bently became my suitor. He could not have sought me in honorable marriage, I must now believe. He appeared to love me, however, though I gave him no encouragement. I distrusted him from the first. And now, oh, Edith! we are in the power of such a man—such men, for I do not forget the tory captain who claims *you* as his prisoner."

"God help us!" cried she in low, deep, prayerful tones.

"God help us indeed! That wicked man will seek me again—I saw it even in that brief glance of recognition. Our honor now, more than our lives, is imperilled. How shall deliverance come?"

Overcome with emotion, with a nameless dread in their hearts, the two fell into each other's arms, weeping such tears as only woe like theirs can cause.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Harkaway Bridge.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY HELEN HARCOURT.

Harkaway bridge, unlike the majority of its class, had a history of its own.

In appearance it was not remarkable. A traveller would have passed over it without a thought, save perhaps of the sparkling river flowing beneath.

A long, narrow, slightly-railed passageway across the stream—without grace, without beauty—dark, shabby, more useful than ornamental—such was Harkaway bridge.

Yet, dark scenes had been enacted upon it, and even in its very origin, according to the traditions of the neighborhood, might be found as strange a romance as earth had ever listened to.

Two hundred years prior to the period of our story, a pious hermit lived just without the hamlet of Harkaway, and on each Sabbath day, was wont to gather the people together in the little church, and direct their thoughts heavenward.

Wending his way to his solitary home one dark night, there suddenly appeared, in his path, a tall horseman, clad in flaming armor, and bestriding a coal black steed, from whose eyes and nostrils flashed tongues of fire, and on whose breath was a strong smell of sulphur.

"Tell me, good hermit," said he, "when there are two sides to a question, is it not fair that both sides should be heard?"

"Yes," faltered the terrified priest.

"Well, then, I will address your people here on the river bank; you preach one doctrine, I another. We will both be heard. Assemble your flock yonder to-morrow night, and I will be with them. You know who to tell them to expect."

And then, with a scornful laugh, the horseman vanished, leaving the affrighted hermit to pursue his way unmolested.

Until day dawned he prayed unceasingly, but as the first rays of the sun gilded the hill-tops, he hastened to the village, where, assembling his flock, he delivered the message he had received.

Allaying their terror by his eloquent piety, he assured them of victory over their foe.

He next directed each man to set diligently to work, making small crosses, (it mattered not how rude or rough,) so that every man, woman and child in Harkaway might be provided with one of the sacred emblems ere nightfall.

As the sun sank below the horizon, the priest gathered his people upon the river's bank. Ranging them in two lines, face to face, each with his cross kept studiously out of sight.

Suddenly a peal of thunder crashed overhead, and the tall horseman rode into their midst. Trembling, yet obedient to their instructions, the villagers at the upper end of the line moved toward each other, thus closing the passageway through which he had approached.

At the same instant every cross was raised on high, and every voice began to recite the exorcism for evil spirits.

The terrible horseman shook in his saddle, and his flame-colored armor grew white, he turned to flee as he had come, but that avenue of escape was cut off.

He turned to the river—it was deep and turbulent, and in vain he sought to urge his horse to enter the swift current, for so long as its hoofs touched the earth it shared in the terrors of earthly creatures.

Thwarted in his endeavor, the tall rider raised his voice and shouted some strange mystic words, smiting the earth with his sword—and lo! in an instant a stout stone bridge spanned the stream, over which the black horse bounded with his drooping master, and reaching the opposite bank, vanished from sight.

The bridge remained a solid, substantial structure, yet for some years no man could be found who would venture upon it. Gradually, however, this superstitious fear gave way to the exigencies of travel, and although the country people carefully avoided the bridge on one particular night, that of the anniversary of its creation, believing that the tall horseman, like a devouring lion, then lay in wait for the unwary traveller, they hesitated not to cross it at all other times.

Enough, however, of "the legend of Harkaway bridge," yet not too much, for we have written naught unnecessarily.

Far different was the scene at the opening of our story from that which we have just described.

The sun was sinking behind the hills, shedding a gentle lustre on the river and village, while its rays resting playfully on the curling brown locks of a maiden who stood upon the bridge, tinted them with a rich, golden sheen.

Beautiful was the scene; land and water—the spire of the village church, and the battlements of the lordly old castle, all were painted with the same golden hue—aye! beautiful indeed was the scene, and yet to Claude Chester, the fair maiden at his side was far more attractive, far more lovely.

Side by side they stood, as noble a pair as one would wish to see, though the one was but the daughter of a miller, and the other the proud descendant of a long line of earls, and one who had been knighted by King Henry's own hand.

Hand in hand they looked for a time silently down into the deep waters below them.

At length the youth raised his eyes to the troubled face of his companion.

"Heed it not, sweet Alice; let it trouble you no more. My grandfather is a good man, though withal he is somewhat too proud of his descent. We will put evil thoughts from us, my love, and wait in patience until Lord Chester shall be touched by our constancy; and shall acknowledge, that though my pearl be of lowly birth, it yet is well worthy to grace the crown of a king. Fear not, dear love, all will yet be well, and—Alice, you will trust in me, whatever betide?"

"Trust in you? Ah! Claude, as if I could doubt your love! Have you not braved the earl's anger and threats of disinheritance for my sake? Ah! there rides your cousin, Claude, and—I—I do not care to meet him. Let us go."

The young nobleman cast a glance of mingled amusement and annoyance upon the horseman, who, approaching from the direction of the castle, was each instant drawing nearer.

"He envies me, my jewel, is it not so? Well, dear one, let us go, if you will, and I will render you back to your father's care, for the earl is far from well, and I must return to him. Ho, John! a pleasant ride to you."

But John Chester replied to his kinsman, only with a scowl of malignant hatred, quickly veiled, however, beneath a smile, as he lifted his plumed cap in salutation to the latter's companion, a courtesy which was coldly and reluctantly acknowledged.

"Oh! Claude, I fear that man, for him for you, for myself!"

"Fear him not, sweet Alice, he is powerless to harm, although, as you well know, he cannot forgive me for being our grandfather's favorite and heir,—and—there is another reason why he loves me not. Well met, good father! not that I am eager to render up this fair maiden to your care, but my conscience reproaches me with my long absence from my sick relative. In two hours hence I will return to you again, my Alice."

A few brief words of farewell, and then the young knight walked rapidly away, while the miller and his child sought their home in the village.

Scarcely were they concealed from view, when from the shelter of a clump of bushes overhanging one end of the bridge, crept a small, illy-dressed man, his blue velvet surcoat, buckskin breeches and enormous top-boots having evidently seen their best days some years before.

"Ha! ha! here is a mare's nest, methinks! A fine foundation to build on. John is surely a stupid dolt if he makes no capital of *this!* Sir Claude makes no secret of his fancy for the miller's pretty wench—that much I have learned from the villagers. Not one among them recognized me—but how should they? It has been twenty-five years since I left Harkaway, a gay young rascal, bearing off the old earl's daughter as my bride. Ha! ha! I overreached the proud aristocrat there! I robbed him of his darling, and he robbed *me* of the hopes I had founded on his forgiveness. But I have paid him for that. It was a shrewd idea, when Lucia died, to send our boy to her father as an *orphan!* John has lived in a style he would never have known—*if his father had lived.* There comes my boy again; this time I can speak to him, for no one is near."

With a joyous exultation in his glance, the man advanced toward the centre of the bridge, standing in the path of the advancing horseman.

"John Barlow! John Barlow!"

The rider drew rein with startling abruptness, gazing down into the eager face upturned to his.

"Who are you that calls me by that name? I am known as John Chester here."

"I know it. Because that proud old dotard is ashamed that his grandson should bear his father's name. Look at me well, John, you have not seen me for years. I did not dare to come—but—don't you know me, boy?"

"My father!" cried the young man, and a dark scowl passed over his face, for he had hoped that his parent was dead.

But John Barlow, senior, bad and unprincipled as he was, loved his son, and in the joy of their meeting was blind to his cold reception.

"Come aside into the wood, boy. I have somewhat to say to you."

"We can stay here as well," said the young man, sullenly. "This is the one night in the year when the fools around here dare not venture within half a mile of the bridge. Speak on, we are safe."

For some time the two men, father and son, continued in earnest conversation, and more than once the name of Claude Chester, accompanied by no loving epithets, escaped them.

"Would he were dead!" exclaimed the younger. "I should then be the earl's only relative, and my fortune would be made."

"If he were dead—if he were dead," repeated the other, thoughtfully. He was silent awhile, then looked significantly into his son's face. "I overheard him tell the fair maiden of whom he has robbed you, that he would return to her in two hours. He must cross this bridge—will he ride?"

"Yes, he always rides after dark."

"So, so. Now, my boy, suppose, just as he is passing you broken rail, his horse should become frightened and leap into the water, who would be to blame, even if the swift current should not yield up its prey alive?"

The young man shuddered in his saddle, and shrank away from his father's touch. The latter watched him closely.

"It would be a lucky accident for you, John," he went on, "it would bring you fortune and rank, and the girl you love."

A dark flush passed over his son's face. "It would, it would!" he whispered, hoarsely. "But how—"

"Leave that to me. It is settled, then. Now, go you to the castle; you may be needed. Go, I say, and be prepared to-morrow to receive congratulations on your heirship, and condolences on your cousin's terrible accident. He rides a white horse like yours, you say? Be it so. I shall not fail."

Glancing with a shudder at the broken rail and the black water beneath, the younger and less hardened villain galloped away, while the other drew a little book from his pocket, and jotting down a few lines therein, proved his possession of an art which was then by no means common, save with the priesthood.

Then he entered the wood, and breaking a large bough, thickly covered with foliage, returned to the bridge, taking his station opposite the broken rail.

Leaving him here, intent on his murderous designs, let us seek the castle on the hill, and look in upon a far different yet scarcely less painful scene.

In a lofty apartment, furnished with every luxury of the age, lay Lord Chester, amid the pillows of a richly curtained couch; a thin, haggard, wasted old man, on whom disease has laid a heavy hand; yet, although bending and crushing him into the grave, it is powerless to subdue the one ruling passion of his life, *pride;* pride in his noble descent, in his high rank, his broad lands.

So, even now, though sunken and dim, his eyes flash in proud anger upon one who stands at his side, Claude Chester.

"You have been to the village again, young sir?"

"Yes, grandfather."

"And you met that girl there, of course, did you not?"

"Yes, my lord, I did," answered Claude firmly, yet respectfully.

The earl's trembling hands plucked passionately at the curtains of his couch, and his voice shook with the anger that shook his heart.

"Once for all, sir knight, I give you your choice! Give up the miller's daughter, swear that you will never speak to her more, or this very hour I make a will, leaving all I possess to your cousin. Mark me well, young sir, for I am not to be trifled with. Swear to give up that plebeian girl, or take the consequences."

"I cannot, I cannot! Grandfather, have mercy on me! All my happiness is bound up in my sweet Alice. If you but knew her, sir, you would love to look upon her; there is no fairer lady in our good king's realms, nor one that would better grace a coronet."

"Out upon thee for an obstinate dolt! Away from me, ungrateful boy; away, I say, and see how thy bride will grace a beggar's coronet—for a beggar shalt thou be; and sorry am I that the earldom of Chester should ever be disgraced by such as thou! Yet stay," he added, in a softer tone, "once more, Claude, I give thee thy choice—but it is for the last time. Speak, boy—will give up the maiden?"

Slowly and sadly the young knight replied, his voice betraying the troubled emotions of his heart.

"Ask aught else of me, and gladly will I obey; but, oh! my lord, I *cannot* give up my sweet Alice. My soul, and my honor alike, cry out against it. Dear grandfather, I *cannot* do your will in this."

The old man sat upright, and in the fierce energy of passion, grasped a large bell which stood close at hand, and rang a peal that echoed through the neighboring halls.

Scarce a second elapsed ere the door opened, and a servant presented himself.

"Where is your young master?" asked the earl.

"He is in the village, my lord."

The old nobleman shook his head impatiently.

"Then you must find a messenger to go to the village in all haste, and bid the man of the law to come to me without delay."

The servant, bowing low, withdrew, and the earl sank back amid his pillows, gasping and exhausted with the unusual exertions he had made. Claude approached to assist him, but he waved him back.

"Go!" he said, in a low, hoarse tone. "Go! I wish never to see you again. Go, I tell you, leave me, leave this castle—you have no longer a place in it."

Claude cast one earnest, imploring glance upon his inexorable relative, but the latter only pointed to the door, and with a mien as proud as his own, the young knight withdrew.

At the same instant a scene was transpiring in the courtyard below, at which it concerns us, in no slight degree, to be present.

As the servant to whom the earl had delivered his order, hastened toward the stables, a clattering of hoofs on the drawbridge attracted his attention, and his face assumed an expression of no little eagerness as he observed John Chester ride through the gateway.

In an instant he stood at the young man's side, in cringing obsequiousness.

"Master John, I have news for you, good news. Sir Claude and the earl have quarrelled; and his lordship, who seems like to die at any minute, has just ordered me to send for the lawyer, that he may make a will, leaving everything to you. He has turned Sir Claude out of the castle."

"How know you this, Martel?"

The man hesitated, then looked up with a meaning smile.

"You have always told me, sir, to learn all I could; now, ears and keyholes are good teachers."

"I understand. So then, Martel, you are sure of what you say? That is well, and I will remember your services, if all goes well. But the will is not made yet."

"No, sir; and it needs be made soon—for I doubt me if his lordship lives the night through. I must hasten to send one of the grooms to the village."

"Not so. I will go myself. I shall make better speed."

Without further delay, the young man turned his steed about, and rode away at a swift gallop.

Soon the glimmer of water appeared ahead, and then, in the turmoil of his exultant thoughts, he remembered that his father waited on the bridge.

"I will call to him as I pass—for it needs not now that Claude should—die. He will have but the title, and he is welcome to that; he will be but a beggarly lord."

On, still on, sped the rider, and soon Harkaway bidge was before him—under him; he cast a searching glance along its whole extent, but could discern no one near.

"He must have gone away for a time. I will speak to him as I return. Ho there! Dareall, what ails you, beast?"

Well might he ask, for even as he spoke, the animal, which had suddenly halted, sprang violently to one side, to avoid a heavy bough which had come in contact with his face; but in this, the steed was only partially successful, and ere his rider could utter a word, the branch again struck him, and with a wild snort of terror, the noble animal made a sideleng bound, which carried him clear of the bridge, and with a heavy plunge, into the water beneath it.

A shout of exultation burst from the lips of one who stood upon the bridge; a shout which was answered by a wild, fearful shriek from the river.

"Oh! father, father, father!"

Trembling like an aspen, his eyes glaring like those of a madman, the guilty wretch staggered to the edge of the bridge, and there, feebly grasping the rail, swayed back and forth, straining his eyes to pierce the darkness, whence came the sounds of a terrible struggle.

"John, my son, my son—is it you?" shrieked the miserable wretch, "say it is not, say it is not!"

And then, out of the rush of water, there came this cry, faint and gasping, as of one whose breath was almost spent.

"Father! father! father!"

And he who heard that despairing cry wrung his hands in agony; and then, with a strange, harsh laugh, he shouted—

"Forgive me, boy; we'll go together."

A sudden splash followed the words, and Harkaway bridge was deserted.

Not long, however, did its quiet remain unbroken, for soon its stones rang to the swift galloping of a horse, and Claude Chester swept over and beyond it, hasting to the village in search of a skillful leech, who fortunately dwelt there; for the earl was sinking rapidly, and it was doubtful whether his life could be prolonged beyond a few hours.

Ere long two horsemen left the village, and dashed away toward the castle; directly they entered the courtyard.

There they were met by the steward, who was evidently awaiting their coming.

"How is the earl?" asked Claude.

"He is gone, my lord. Gone just after you rode away. He was quite calm, and asked for you; they told him where you were, and then he sent for me. 'Tell your young lord,' said he, 'that I ask his forgiveness. He was right, and I was wrong. Tell him I love and honor him.'"

"Was that all? Did he say no more?"

"Nothing, my lord, only just as he passed away, he smiled, and whispered your name."

The young nobleman stood a moment in painful thought; then he turned to the obsequious leech.

"You have heard, sir leech? Your services, unfortunately, cannot now avail. Nevertheless, enter, and take some rest and refreshment after your swift ride. Lionel, see you to it."

Then, with a courteous inclination of the head, the young earl passed up toward the chamber of death.

Through all the solemn hours of the night, he sat and watched, gazing steadfastly upon the white, still features of the man who had been to him a loving parent for many a long year; yet even in the midst of his sorrow, love asserted its power, and ever and anon his thoughts wandered into the future, dwelling upon the joy which he saw stretching away into its far vista, for now there was no obstacle in the way of his happiness.

Once or twice as the faithful old steward looked in upon him to ascertain that all went well with the solitary watcher, Claude enquired for his cousin, marvelling greatly at his strange absence at such a time.

But all were ignorant of his whereabouts, save that he had ridden out early in the evening in search of a lawyer whom the late earl had desired to see.

With the first hours of morning, however, came news of the absentee.

Claude, issuing from the gloomy apartment in which he had watched through the night, was met by an affrighted retainer.

"My lord, my lord, Master John is drowned. He was washed ashore below the bridge, and his horse with him. He must have fallen from the bridge, and folks do say they heard shrieks and screams, and one man my lord, who was crossing the road below, says he saw a tall man on the bridge, as tall as a giant. And oh, my lord, you know what night last night was! It's easy to see how master John came by his death. Here the men come, my lord, where shall they carry him?"

"To his own room," Claude answered sadly, and then, lifting his jewelled cap, he stood reverently aside, while the bearers, with their dripping burden, passed on within the castle walls.

Scarce had they disappeared when, resounding through the open gateway, came the tramp of many feet, and a moment later a second corpse was borne into the courtyard, that of a stranger.

As lord of the manor, it became the young earl's duty to examine any papers the dead man might chance to have about him, and these sufficed to reveal his name, and the purpose for which he had come into the neighborhood—no less than to effect his son's accession to the earldom and estates of Chester, through the destruction of his cousin, the only obstacle in the path of his ambition.

It was a rudely kept diary which furnished this information, and there was one entry—the last—evidently written in haste, and by a poor light, dated on the preceding day, which caused the young earl's heart to chill with horror.

"While the light remains, I must here record, that I have just seen and spoken to my dear boy, for the first time in five years, and we have arranged that this marplot cousin shall be settled with this night. He rides across this bridge ere long; I shall await him; his horse will become frightened, and spring over the rail, and there will be 'a terrible accident' for the country to mourn over."

The diary dropped from Claude's nerveless hand, and for an hour he sat in stupefied horror.

It was all clear to him now; how the wretched father had murdered his own son, mistaking him for his intended victim, and how, recognizing the voice of the drowning man, he had himself sought relief in death from the horror and despair that had seized upon him.

Yes, it was all clear now, the terrible tragedy of Harkaway bridge was explained; and fearful lest the diary should fall into other hands, Claude cast it into the fire, and watched it crumble to ashes with a sigh of relief.

A year has passed away since the occurrences we have just related, and again the courtyard of Chester Castle is thronged with excited men, but far different is the occasion of their present gathering, as is attested by the presence of their smiling wives and children.

Suddenly a hush falls upon the murmuring groups, and then again the great gateway resounds to the tramp of many feet.

A moment of expectation, and amidst cheers and shouts of welcome, a chariot rolls into the courtyard, bearing Claude, Lord Chester, and his bride, the Lady Alice, to their princely home; and tradition tells us that never did a nobler or happier couple enter those time-honored walls.

☞ It will be time for croquet soon.

☞ Some chap thought he would play a joke on Brigham Young, so he gained access to the list of his wives and added twenty-seven names thereto—Mary Jane Young, Josephine Ann Young, Sarah Melinda Young, and so forth. The next time Brigham called the roll, twenty-seven didn't answer to their names, so he concluded that they had died since last roll-call, and putting a few more inches of crape on his hat, he looked as sad as possible, but has not yet detected the joke.—*Norristown Herald.*

☞ A handsomely-dressed young man, who was waiting at his horse's head for his girl, Sunday afternoon, and desired to demonstrate to the watching neighbors how familiar he could be with such an animal, put the head of the noble beast in his bosom, and just then the animal sneezed, and—well, anybody who has seen a horse sneeze, can picture to himself the state of that shirt bosom, and collar and vest, just as well as one of the old masters could do it.

☞ A boy of tender years, whose parents live on Rabbit Hill, returned Saturday night from a visit to his uncle's, in the country, and Sunday morning got an auger and perforated his father's choice peach-tree and let out a pail of the sap. When the old gentleman discovered the preparations for the coming sugar season, he instituted an investigation, and the little boy remembering Washington went up in the garret, and hid behind a barrel. It will be some weeks before he will be able to hide behind a barrel again.

☞ A Venetian flute player has invented a new violin, with metal strings, which pass entirely around the drum of the instrument, and give quadruple the volume of an ordinary violin. Fancy, if you can, without weeping, a young man living next door to you, learning to play on one of these violins—practising from 8 P. M. to 11 P. M., emitting a "quadruple volume." And yet we are told that the world is growing better.

☞ A mother's sweet hope found a cartridge the other day, and rubbed it on the stove to see if it was good. As his mother now knits left-handed mittens, the cartridge is generally supposed to have been a good one.

☞ A Bridgeport youth is studying German, and the other day he called his mother "mine huffer mutter." The mother gazed upon her son painfully for nearly a minute, and then lifting her slipper she lit upon him. The boy's father, who had been a listener, came to her aid with a barrel stave, and before the youth could explain he had as many sore places on him as Job had boils.—*Norristown Herald.*

INCOGNITA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A group of ladies occupied a corner of the spacious piazza fronting a summer boarding-house in Littleton. They were an indolent group, having with one consent sought idleness in this charming retreat from city cares and heat. They were expecting their brothers and cousins on the following day to enjoy two weeks of mountain air and glorious scenery. For the lack of something to do, they were canvassing critically the expected friends. Mrs. Campbell, who was chaperoning this gay party of young people, and who was crotcheting at this time rather attentively, turned her head over her shoulder at the exclamation:

"Look at Lu!" This individual was strolling up the walk toward the piazza, and laden with mosses and ferns, having evidently been on a little tramp. Her costume was just bordering sufficiently on the absurd to make her picturesque. A gray linen suit, trimmed with brown and rather stylish, was burlesqued by a large green sunbonnet, surmounted by a vast blue dome, bearing an ancient resemblance to a modern umbrella.

"At what are you giggling, idlers?" said the advancing personage, leisurely ascending the steps.

"The idea of looming up in such a rig, and expecting to be received solemnly?" laughed Helen Ash.

"My goodness! what a figure—oh, if Al Cunningham was only here to caricature it!" chimed in Nellie Newbold.

"Who is Al Cunningham?" queried the new arrival, sitting down on the steps and taking an enormous bite of an apple.

"One of the party expected to-morrow," said two at once.

"My cousin," added Helen.

"Hem! I wish they were all in Halifax! Here's an end to fun—no more lounging about in old dresses all day. I came up here to do as I pleased for once in my life—and I guess I'll do it! Aunt, I'm half a mind to—" and here ensued a long whispering in Mrs. Campbell's ear—then suddenly: "Girls, girls, I've a notion for some fun. I am quite resolved not to give up my Bohemian ways for these critical interlopers—so don't mention me. I'll be with you in the evenings, but alone in the day time. Promise secrecy! or I'll get little Polly here, to repeat all your talk, which I heard while I was resting in the arbor there, and which you would not like repeated."

Knowing Lucile Arnold to be the essence of mischief they consented, but without the aiding or abetting usually secured in such cases.

"You may don your city costumes and please these 'lords of creation,' but not I," and she swept up her treasures and flew up the stairs. Upon reaching her apartment, she put the flowers in water and sprinkled the mosses, then proceeded to re-arrange her untidy locks of hair. The reflection in the glass was that of a small, willful face, with rather ordinary features, but wonderful eyes. Clear, well-set, and heavily fringed, with jetty lashes, they were not remarkably large, but in proportion to the contour of the face.

Aside from this, they were noticeable in a peculiarly agreeable or disagreeable lurid blaze they seemed to emit; their dark gray becoming lighter, and an unfathomable light seeming to conceal the changes of thought the eye is supposed to express. To scan her face when the eyelids concealed them, was to survey a lovely, thoughtful woman; then to be aware of a suspicious side-long look, and then of a quick raising of the lids and a bewildering sense of the unsatisfactory beauty of the eye.

It seemed as if this creature was trying to catch you in your unguarded moments, and in a moment, try you and condemn you.

She was the daughter of a captain in the Navy whom she seldom saw, and who, upon the death of her mother, had confided her to his sister, Mrs. Campbell. From her mother this girl had inherited a fortune, but upon her twenty-first birthday had refused a grand party, and had made no changes in her circumstances visible. There was little pretence about this girl. She had been unfortunate enough to have met only the extremely fashionable society of New York, or the thrifty, good-natured, working people of solid education without culture.

The craving for something between these two, had finally yielded to an independent, selfish enjoyment of everything and everybody; but there was now and again a tinge of ennui in the face. Not the ennui observable in people of listless habits, but that, dimly apparent in the workers whose occupation is dutiful rather than enjoyable.

She threw herself down beside a trunk, humming a low little ditty, and tossed out the delicate dresses and bright ribbons musingly, then rather impatiently pushed them all in it again, and went down stairs, seeking Mrs. Burns, a middle-aged Quakeress of a good New England family, and who was the proprietress of the house. After cajoling this lady awhile she secured a dress and cap, for some plan afloat, which she imparted only to the owner of said garments.

The warm day passed rather tediously into a sultry night, quite in contrast with the chilly evenings they had been subjected to in the White Mountains, within the past week. The next evening there was great talking and laughing on the porch the half hour before supper. The travellers had arrived and were exchanging greetings with the party receiving them. Lu Arnold from her window at the end of the house was peering at them through closed blinds, and laughing softly to herself.

"Conceited fops every one of them! How *can* the girls make such an ado about nothing? Anyhow I'll find out how much there is in them this evening," she added sotto voce.

About nine o'clock, when they were all collected in a corner of the porch, narrating their respective adventures, a diminutive figure, in Quaker garb, stepped out from the hall. There was a general hush among the ladies, and the gentlemen were all ready to offer a chair to the feeble, tottering figure.

"My aunt," said Mrs. Campbell, apologetically, "she's very old, and a little deaf. I'll go to her." "Auntie," said Mrs. Campbell, kindly, "take *this* chair, placing a rocking-chair beside her own, and a little back of the company.

"Thank thee, Rebecca," said a feeble, timorous voice. There was something like a suppressed titter among the ladies. Allan Cunningham looked at them reprovingly; it was too dark to see their faces, but he turned his head objectingly.

"What were you saying, Mr. Dallett, when my aunt came out?" inquired Mrs. Campbell, politely.

"Merely that I thought it very agreeable not to have other boarders."

"Yes—Mrs. Burns will always consent to that if our party is sufficiently large. It is so much more pleasant also for my husband, who is extremely delicate. I believe, now, if you will excuse me, I will sit with him awhile."

As she disappeared in the doorway, Ned Ash turned to his sister saying: "Helen, I thought Lucile Arnold was coming up with Mrs. Campbell?"

"So we all thought—but she is very changeable you know."

"Yes; an heiress can afford to be changeable," added Hal Coxe, with a slight sneer. "Don't compel me to defend the absent one—it's too warm!" said Cunningham, listlessly.

"She's past defending in that respect," replied Coxe.

"Coxe speaks from experience, probably," said Ned Ash, good-humoredly; "but as we fellows can't do the same, we'll decide that matter when we are favored with an introduction," he concluded, wincing slightly at Helen's approving pinch on the arm. "I am rather curious on the subject of Miss Arnold. Opinions concerning her are always at the two extremes."

"Helen," said the old lady, suddenly, did I hear my little Lu mentioned?"

"Mr. Dallett was saying—"

"A little louder, my dear!"

"Yes, ma'am!" shouted Helen. "Mr. Dallet is a little curious about her—that is all."

"Oh! I should like to meet your young relative, ma'am!" said Dallet, with a deferential bending of the head toward her.

"Why she's a-most like other girls," replied the old lady, rocking slowly; "quite peert, but nothing uncommon!"

"Is she pretty!" queried he.

"Did thee ever see Priscie Peacock?"

"No, madam!"

"Well—she's very like Priscie; just the same little turned-up nose, small black eyes, and short, black hair."

"*In*-deed! hem!" said Dallett, settling comfortably back in his chair.

Now Allan Cunningham remembered a friend having pointed Miss Arnold out to him once, and he could have sworn her hair was golden. He eyed the venerable figure suspiciously, then looked at Coxe, who came around and sat down beside her with the air of a man who thought she was demented.

"Did you say her hair was black, ma'am, *I* always thought it was light?"

"Well—maybe so—my memory is not as good as it used to be. When thee gets nigh on to seventy, perhaps thee will forget the precise color of a young girl's hair."

"I beg your pardon," said Coxe, somewhat mortified, "Miss Arnold's style of beauty is so uncommon, I could not help remembering it!"

All laughed out unrestrainedly at this. The old lady chuckled feebly.

"Is Miss Arnold much of a recluse?" queried Cunningham.

"A little louder!"

He repeated the question.

"Well, she likes to be a good bit by herself."

"Will she be likely to come up to Littleton this summer?" he again asked.

"She did talk of it—didn't she, Helen?"

"I believe so," said that worthy, hardly able to answer.

"Thy name is Allan Cunningham, I believe?"

"Yes, ma'am!"

"Well, Allen, did thee want to see her?"

There was a perfect burst of laughter.

"Oh, no, ma'am—no—I just asked out of idle curiosity!"

"Oh!" said she, with a little grunt. "It is getting rather cool; I guess I'll step indoors!" And standing up, she said, "Farewell!" in the meekest little voice, never noticing his proffered arm, but calling Millie Dean, her "right-hand maid," requested an arm up the stairs, and disappeared.

"Ah, Lu!" said Millie, on the stairs, "you can't keep this up long. What will you do with yourself in the morning?"

"Don't worry. I'll have a jolly time; and am going about just as usual. The most severe punishment will be to eat my meals with Uncle Herbert, whose finical ways quite take away my appetite."

The next morning, a carriage stood before the door, and several saddle horses. Baskets of luncheon were being stowed away under the seats, and the future consumers of the contents were busily chatting at the foot of the steps—when out of a side-door at the end of the building, there appeared a petite figure dressed in brown holland. Her face was concealed by an enormous sun-bonnet, and sheltered by a cerulean umbrella of vast dimensions. A basket dangled on one arm, and a small bucket, containing a trowel, scissors and twine was suspended from the other. She whistled clearly to the old setter, lying near the porch, and without turning her head, struck a path running beside the mountain road.

"In the name of common sense, who is that?" said Dallett, excitedly.

In a second all eyes were upon her.

"Where?" quickly interrogated Mrs. Campbell, leaning out of the carriage. "Oh! auntie's attendant! *Isn't* she funny? She goes after ferns and flowers every day."

"That umbrella must be in proportion to her figure, not unlike the dome of the Capitol," laughed Ned Ash. "Come, good people, hurry yourselves. The sun is getting pretty high in the heavens, and it's going to be very warm."

The ladies were assisted in the carriage, and two of them, already mounted, were starting, followed by three gentlemen. They all passed the lithe little figure, leisurely ascending the mountain path to their left, and did their best to catch a glimpse of her face, but she lowered her umbrella and looked very much like a mushroom of astonishing tint, sprung up in the woods. They had proceeded some four miles, when a dull gray began to settle down on the pines, and that ominous stillness, unbroken save by the feeble piping of the birds, warned them of an approaching storm. Even while the party were considering their plans, the wind was changing. The stalwart mountain monarchs were swaying to and fro, their myriad leaves murmuring that mysterious warning of preparation in nature. There is often something more powerful in the marshalling of hidden forces than in the storm itself. It seems like the hastening approach of vast cavalcades, the assembling of great armies.

Our friends had resolved to keep on to the Tip-Top House, and there remain until the storm was over. Allen Cunningham had left them a few minutes before to explore a wild road, and as he did not return, they deemed it better to keep on without him.

"He'll be there as soon as we are," said Dallett, urging his horse forward, and those of the ladies.

Cunningham was retracing the wild bridle-path rapidly, and thinking of the solitary figure they had passed some two miles below. "A woman in such a storm as this," he muttered, as a scintillating flash of lightning almost blinded him, and a heavy crash of thunder broke in fury in its wake, followed by the prolonged firing and booming of all heaven's artillery.

He remembered seeing her walk toward a rock with the apparent intention of there locating, and feasting her eyes upon the magnificent prospect unrolled to the human eye. He plunged the stirrups into his horse's flanks and rode like Tam O'Shanter. When he reached the point, he looked to the right and left seeing nothing of her. He was almost going farther when he saw far up to the left, a blue umbrella near a rock.

He tied his horse to a tree and ascended. He heard her talking to the dog. "Poor old fellow! good old boy! don't we wish we were at home!" Cunningham looked around the corner of the overhanging rock, and saw a small figure sitting on an upturned small bucket, her feet on the dog, and sheltered from the rain by the serviceable umbrella and a plaid shawl. The rock jutted completely over this comical pair, and they looked as calm as a May day. Hearing a step she turned her head.

"Lucile!" said Cunningham, with almost a shout of joy and terror.

"Even so!" said she, lifting her gleaming eyes to his. The dog with his head between his paws looked from one to the other as much as to say: "These two have met before!"

He looked perfectly bewildered. "Sit down," said she, with ill concealed grace; "at least till the worst of the storm is over"

He sat down—crouched down under the blue dome—and there was a little silence. Then they simultaneously burst into a prolonged fit of laughter, but were as suddenly solemn again, for an awful peal of thunder seemed to shake the earth to its foundation.

"Did you know I was coming up?"

"Hem!"

"Didn't you want to see me?"

"Not right away. I wanted to get a little accustomed to you first."

"I should have thought last winter had afforded you sufficient opportunity for that."

She looked away, and pulled her sunbonnet over her face.

"You have always avoided hearing me before; *now* you cannot help yourself!" he resumed.

"I can hear without heeding this time," said she, defiantly.

"True," he said, and was silent.

The clouds were rolling eastward, and the rain falling softly. She was watching the bits of blue struggling through the gray above. He very gently removed the sunbonnet; a mischievous smile lurked around her mouth, but as he looked, a deep crimson blush dyed her fair face.

"Lucile, is it so hard to love me?" he said, looking earnestly at her.

Her lip quivered, and a little domineering smile retreated quickly. "It's a little hard to confess!" she said, demurely.

"But you do confess it?"

"I can't help myself."

"*That* you can't," said he, picking her up and walking toward the horse. "'Aunt,' you are too feeble to walk home. I'll lead the horse carefully down the mountain," said he, swinging her to the croup like "Young Lochinvar;" then he returned for the dog, umbrella and plaid shawl—picked up the sun-bonnet, put it on, and as he tied the strings, he kissed the comical face in the back of it. SPHINX.

That Miss Gresham!

TOM BROOK'S VERSION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Do I know Jack Elverson? Well, I believe I *do* have the pleasure of his acquaintance. I met him last summer at the Gresham's country place, and we got acquainted there. We had quite an adventure while we were up there, too. I never have told of it, because, you see, the joke of the affair comes on me about as much as it does on Jack. But the confounded scrape has begun to get out among the boys, and I suppose I'll have to acknowledge the corn before long, so I might as well make a clean breast of it first as last.

You see I *did* get a trifle spooney about Helen Gresham, last winter, though I denied it when the boys chaffed me about it. When the Greshams left town they invited me to spend a month at their place up the river, and I accepted the invitation, and went up about a week after they did; as soon as they had got settled, in fact. I went up with the intention of winning Miss Gresham, if it was a possible thing to do so. I don't mind saying so now, because, as I said, the whole story has leaked out, and I'm bound to look ridiculous anyhow. There's nothing like confessing your sins and shortcomings, when you know everybody's going to find them out, you know.

Well, when I got there, I found that there was a rival in the field. Jack Elverson was there ahead of me, and I hadn't been there twenty-four hours, before I found that he had come with the same determination I had—that of laying siege to Helen Gresham's heart and hand.

Of course, that made it rather unpleasant for me. But I wasn't going to back out for any Jack Elverson. Hadn't Miss Gresham smiled on me night after night at balls and operas, and hadn't I danced the most delicious waltzes with her, when, if I looked tenderly at her, her eyes would droop, and the sweetest color would come and go in her cheeks—like—like—well, I can't think of it—but I was going to quote a simile of Byron's. It don't matter, any way. Hadn't we walked in the halls together, talking sentiment and moonshine?

Of course we had. If she hadn't encouraged my attentions, I couldn't tell what encouraging attentions consisted in; that's all there is about it.

But Jack wasn't going to stand back for me. I saw that right away. He persisted in hanging around her, and made himself thoroughly disagreeable *to me*, at least, by his unwelcome officiousness in picking up her fans and handkerchiefs, and running after this and that, if she chanced to speak of it. I thought, after a little, that she liked to keep him waiting on her, just for the fun of the thing, and by George, I think so yet! She didn't care two rye straws for Jack Elverson.

I made myself as agreeable, I fancied, as Jack made himself *disagreeable*. I read to her, and we sang duets together, and I got about as near the seventh heaven as I ever expect to be. And she smiled on me, and blushed at my tender little speeches, and I was sure that all I had to do, to make sure of the prize, was to ask her the important question.

I don't exactly remember how it began, but we got to quarrelling one day, Jack and I, about Miss Gresham. I swore that she cared not a fig for him, and that his attentions were annoying to her, but that her politeness prevented her from telling him so. He swore that I was so conceited that I couldn't see that she was making sport of me all the time, and threatened to punch my head for me, if I didn't withdraw and leave the field to him. I vowed I *never'd* do that, and the upshot of the affair was, that we agreed to fight a duel. I protest, solemnly, and on my word of honor, that I didn't challenge Jack; and he swears by all that's good and great, that *he* didn't challenge *me*. However that might have been, we agreed to fight, and the result of our meeting was to determine who had the most right to Miss Gresham.

I declare, when I think how that wretched creature fooled us, it makes me mad. It does, by George!

We were to fight with pistols, and the duel was to come off the next day. Miss Gresham was in town at the time of the quarrel, and was expected back next morning.

I tell you what it is, I felt rather solemn that morning, as I wended my way toward the place appointed for our encounter, with a pistol in my pocket, loaded it might be with death! What if I should kill Jack? The thought was awful! What if Jack should kill me? That thought was worse than the other one. If it hadn't been for the thought that Jack would make such an infernal blow about it, I'd have backed out, and sneaked home again. But I dreaded the laugh that Jack would be sure to start against me, almost as much as I dreaded getting shot, so I kept on. When I got to the place where we were to fight, Jack was there. I never saw any one so pale as he was. His teeth fairly chattered as he said good-morning. I know he'll deny it, if he ever hears that I said so. I would, if I were in his place—but it's the truth.

We'd agreed to fight without seconds. We didn't want to make the thing vulgar by letting everybody know about it. We were rather exclusive in our ideas, you see. It was to be a first-class entertainment, with only the "first families" invited.

"I s'pose we might as well pro-pro-ceed to business," said Jack, desperately. "The soo-sooner it's o-over the better."

We measured off twenty paces, and took our places. I tell you, you can't *begin* to imagine how we felt. I never was so scared in my life. I believe I should have backed down on the spot, if I hadn't been so frightened that I didn't dare to.

"You c-c-count!" chattered Jack. "I'm all r-r-ready."

"*One—two—three*—FIRE!" I've an idea that I delivered the order in a very tragic way. Jack made an awful flourish with his pistol and fired, to the serious detriment of a young sapling standing twenty feet to the left of me. I pulled at the trigger of my pistol, but the confounded thing wouldn't work worth a cent. I found out afterward that I'd forgotten to cock it.

"I tell you what it is," cried Jack, throwing down his pistol, "I can't stand any more of this! It's a mercy we ain't both dead. I wonder what *she'd* say if she knew!"

"I don't know," I answered, feeling so much relieved at the turn affairs had taken, that I wanted to hug Jack to my bosom.

"I'll tell you what we ought to have done," said Jack. "We ought to have gone to Miss Gresham with our difficulty. Since it is about her, she's the one to settle it. I'll do that now, if you say so."

"It's a bargain," said I, and we started off for the house.

"Since Providence has seen fit to spare our lives," said Jack, as we went up the steps, "it isn't best to be enemies, let Miss Gresham decide as she may. I'm willing to be friends, if you are."

"Let's shake hands on it," said I, and we shook hands then and there.

Miss Gresham had got home, and we went in to learn our fate from her own lips.

"Miss Gresham," began Jack, almost as much frightened as he had been an hour before, "we've come to have you decide—to, that is—to answer a question that we want to ask you."

"Well, what *is* the question?" asked Miss Gresham, smiling.

"I—I love you; will you marry me?" blurted out Jack, red as a lobster.

"And *I* love you; will you marry *me?*" cried I, desperately, yet hopefully. The memory of tender little scenes was fresh in my breast that moment.

Miss Gresham leaned back in her chair and laughed, till the tears ran down her cheeks.

"You look so—so funny!" she exclaimed, as soon as she could speak. "You haven't any idea how comical you *do* look. Just like two young chickens, all bristled up to fight. Dear! Dear!" And she went off into spasms again.

"I don't think it's a laughing matter," said I, seriously.

"Nor I," said Jack, solemnly.

"Perhaps it isn't *to you*," she said at last, and even then her laughter threatened to choke her. "I don't think I can marry either one of you, gentlemen, because—"

She stopped, and began wiping her eyes, and had to laugh again.

"Why?" asked Jack and I together.

"Because I've promised another gentleman to marry him, and I shouldn't know what to do with three husbands."

I looked at Jack. Jack looked at me. The truth burst upon us like a thunderbolt. We had been fooled by that deceitful creature.

"Allow me to congratulate you on your happy escape," said Jack, grasping my hand, and looking daggers at Miss Gresham.

"And allow *me* to congratulate you on the same fortunate event," said I, returning his pressure fervently.

That's all there is about the affair. Jack and I have been the best of friends ever since. We knew the boys would hear of it, sooner or later, but we thought we'd keep it to ourselves as long as possible.

Confound that Miss Gresham!

A Sunny Face.

How sweet in infancy, how lovely in youth, how saintly in age? There are a few noble natures whose very presence carries sunshine with them wherever they go; a sunshine which means pity for the poor, sympathy for the suffering, help for unfortunate, and benignity toward all. How such a face enlivens every other face it meets, and carries into every company vivacity, and joy, and gladness. But the scowl and frown, begotten in a selfish heart, and manifesting itself in daily, almost hourly fretfulness, complaining, fault-finding, angry criticisms, spiteful comments on the motives and actions of others, how they thin the cheek, shrivel the face, sour and sadden the countenance! No joy in the heart, no nobility in the soul, no generosity in the nature; the whole character, as cold as an iceberg, as hard as Alpine rock, as arid as the wastes of Sahara! Reader, which of these countenances are you cultivating? If you find yourself losing all your confidence in human nature, you are nearing an old age of vinegar, of wormwood and of gall; and not a mourner will follow your solitary bier, not one tear-drop shall ever fall on your forgotten grave.

Be Gentlemen at Home.

It is cruel and cowardly, in any man, to speak to the women under his own roof in a manner that would forever disgrace him if heard under any other. And yet how many do it, alas! and even go their way after it, selfishly forgetting the tears and the bitterness they have caused; and selfishly expecting, if they remember it at all, that on their return the domestic sky will be without a cloud. More the pity when it is! Then, indeed, is there danger in the air; for then too often come deceit, hypocrisy, and indifference.

☞ A German lady in Wisconsin, who is getting on in years, and who "hates narrow Yankee coffins," has ordered a large and commodious one exactly suited to her fancy. She intends to be comfortable.

☞ At a recent Spanish execution, the iron collar of the *garrote* was found too small, and while the condemned man sat on the scaffold and looked on, the executioner with hammer and tongs extended the circumference of the fatal band, occasionally trying the collar on the neck of the doomed one. After half an hour of this tinkering the execution proceeded.

☞ A lady in Fairfield, Mass., discovered that her daughter was about to elope. She didn't make any fuss about it, but the night on which the elopement was to take place, gave her daughter an opiate in her tea, so that the girl did not wake up till next morning. Meanwhile the lover had grown tired of waiting, and left in disgust.

☞ The statesman is he who thinks of the ashes just as he is going to church.

And of blacking his boots after he is dressed.

And of the absent button after he has the shirt on.

And of the cars after they are gone.

And of that little bill after he has paid out his money.

And of his wife after himself.

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1873.

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SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1873.

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LETTERS FROM ZIG.

"LINES TO A LADY."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A good, bright lady has written a letter to me. I am sure she must be both good and bright, although I never saw her and don't know her name, because she does all her own housework, all the family sewing besides, takes care of her three babies herself, helps her husband in his business, and over and above all that, finds time to read and brighten up her naturally bright, quick mind. Now, that's a woman worth having. It is right that a woman should hold her half of the load in this world. Men and women ought to help each other, and stand by each other. Then the millenium will come, by and by.

And that brings me somewhere near my point. The good and bright lady who has written to me, cautions me not to say too rough things about the men. She thinks I wouldn't do so if I had ever seen her "John," a darling of a man, a good, brisk husband who minds his work, and "sings away like a nest of bumble bees." Now, I am fully persuaded that this lady's "John" is undoubtedly what every good woman's husband ought to be,—the very best man upon earth. And if I ever said rough things about men—rougher than they deserved, that is—I'm sure I never meant to do it. I beg the pardon of that lady's John. I don't mean all men, or half of them, when I say rough things. I can't say smooth things, because you can't make cocoanut butter out of a burr, can you? It's my impression that the good Lord never meant I should say smooth things. If he had, he'd have put a little more smooth into my life, I think.

I can see but one thing at a time. If a man is an old hen, if a man is a saint in public and a Satan in private, a hypocrite, tyrant and miser, all in one, or a good example of diabolical, doubled-and-twisted, pure cussedness in general, I naturally "go for" that man in my weak way; forgetting teetotally for the time the hundreds and thousands and millions of good men there are in the world. A wrong seems to me so very wrong, that I blaze away at it oftentimes with more zeal than sense. And then—it is natural to poor humanity to like to find fault rather than to praise. What was that I read the other day? "Destruction has its delights surpassing those of building."

My dear lady, nobody on earth appreciates men more highly than I do. Wasn't I everlastingly and eternally falling in love with men, sometimes three and four at a time, when I was a girl? All the heroes of my youthful imagination were men; except Queen Elizabeth and Molly Pitcher. Isn't George Francis Train a man, I'd like to know? (And I'm glad of it.) But there! I never meant to joke. I mean to say in real earnest that I know men to-day who are just incarnated bundles of all the virtues. Men, either by nature or by training, are more heroic and generous, and broader-souled than women. I am sure of that. And I know men who are just as good and grand and heroic as it is possible for human nature to be. I know very, very few women of whom I can honestly say the same.

Among the incidents of that late awful steamship disaster off Halifax, there was one of the most touching examples of undying faithfulness and heroism that could possibly happen in this world. I never read anything more sorrowful and at the same time more heroic than that. Not a woman was saved from that fearful wreck, you remember, not one. The women were drowned in their beds, most of them. Two or three managed to reach the deck, and among those two or three was a lady with her husband. The husband had one chance for life; the poor wife not one. The wife entreated her husband desperately to go, to save himself, and leave her. They need not both perish, she said. The husband steadily refused.

"We will die together," he said, "and we shall meet in another and a better world."

And the hero clung to her till the last, and they died together; and among the bodies washed ashore by the surf, were those of the devoted husband and wife. They say the age of chivalry is over, that brave, high thoughts have died out from the breasts of men in this iron age. It is not so. There never in this life was an act of more sublime self-sacrifice than when that man voluntarily perished with the wife whom he could not save. Death had no power over those two souls. They entered the portals of the new life together.

So, with such things as that happening in this selfish, money-getting time of ours, shall I or any other say that there are not, among the generation now living, men as grand and true as the angels? God forbid!

ZIG.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEAR POST—Now that Lent is over, and our forty days of fasting and fish are completed, I suppose we can "walk dat Broadway down" and admire all the pretty things exhibited in the show windows with impunity. Easter Sunday for once, was all an Easter Sunday should be. Mild, balmy zephyrs kissed the blushing cheek of beauty, the sun gave forth its beams in unclouded splendor, and the air was filled with the music of chiming bells. Grace Church, not to be outdone by old Trinity, provided itself with ten bells for the occasion, and rang them on the slightest provocation all day. It has long been the custom of New Yorkers to assemble in the vicinity of Trinity on Easter morning, to listen to the chimes. But Trinity's nine bells will now take a back seat, and the appreciative multitude will gather in the neighborhood of Tenth street, opposite Grace, where they can get more chime for the same money. Can't ask or expect people to take up with nine bells when they can get ten. Besides this, there is only one man in New York that can put in a chime of bells, and he alone can ring them. I forget his name—*Professor* Somebody, of course—and in case Grace and Trinity want to be rung at the same moment, he is not going to leave ten bells to go and jingle nine; and as the two churches are several miles apart, the professor sends an amateur to Trinity, and the sweet bells are "jangled out of tune," as Ophelia would poetically express it, were she here on Easter morning.

If the wearing of new bonnets and new dresses on Easter augur good luck for the ensuing twelve months, every lady in this city is bound to be fortunate in spite of herself. Such a wilderness of new things!

Nobody ever saw the like before. "Old Probabilities" was at the bottom of it all, and deserves many thanks. If he had not furnished the right kind of weather, had instead given us a taste of April in the way of an easterly storm (no pun intended,) we should all have worn our old waterproof cloaks and the worst hats in the house, and in consequence have found our "best laid plans" going agley for the balance of the year. As it is, we can embark in any enterprise and be pretty certain of success—provided we don't meet too many cross-eyed women; that, they say, is even worse than wearing your old clothes Easter.

It has been prognosticated short skirts are to be the rule this summer. No long trains, to wipe up the dust and mud of the street, are to be allowed on the promenade. Private detectives, with shields under their dress coats, are to be stationed at convenient intervals along the fashionable thoroughfares, and any lady found trespassing will be immediately taken into custody—at least I have been so informed. In the house they can wear trains seventeen yards long if they have a mind to, and the police have no right to interfere, and probably won't.

Easter gave the death-blow to bustles also. Everybody professing any claims to style, gave their bustles to the servant girl to build a fire with that morning. And the absence of literature in the rich outfits was quite remarkable. It was not as though the change had been abrupt, however. Tournures have been on the decline for some time; have been gradually sloping downward, and in a way preparing us for what seemed inevitable. Graceful forms are more graceful without bustles, and ugly and ungraceful forms are not improved by them, so where is the use of ladies burdening themselves—hot weather coming on too. I'm glad they are so sensible.

Though now that I think of it, high shoulders are coming into fashion. We, all of us, get our ideas more or less from the stories we read—and I for one, have always supposed that sloping shoulders were a mark of beauty. I never remember of having seen a heroine pictured any other way. But that is neither here nor there. High art demands that shoulders shall be high. To bring about the effect, the body of the dress is cut very high on the shoulder and padded; the top of the sleeve is also padded, and put in a little full, after the manner of the coats of gentlemen. The backs are cut very narrow, and altogether the effect is fine. The fashionables could not live without some absurdity—and bustles dropping off, they had necessarily to look around for the next worst deformity. And they found it.

Loose polonaises, belted in at the waist, seem to be taking precedence of the fitted ones. They are scarcely as pretty, except on very tall, stylish figures. But anything for a change, and these really are not ugly on any one. Some very handsome ones are made of rich silk, trimmed with thread lace. They are seen also in light spring fabrics, trimmed with Tak lace corresponding in color with the material. I presume it will be necessary for us all to have a loose polonaise, whether we fancy them or not, because, don't you see, when a thing is the rage, it looks like indifference or ignorance not to possess it.

Sleeveless jackets—well! If you haven't one, don't wait a single instant. Go at once and buy, beg, borrow or steal one, if you expect to enjoy any kind of good health. I don't believe there is a lady in New York that would not contract something she never would get over, if she should venture down Union Square without a sleeveless jacket of black velvet. Anyhow, there isn't one that dares risk it. They look pretty too with the elegant costumes upon which they act as a mild and agreeable finish. Some of them are simply pointed waists—that is, short on the hips, and little points front and back. But there are people who can never see the point of anything. And such, prefer their sleeveless jackets to be made with a square basque in the back and a vest front. These are sometimes trimmed with lace. The pointed ones are always entirely plain—and tired as every-body is of trimming, they look ever so much neater and better.

All dresses are now made with the front and back breadths trimmed differently. If one chooses she can have her front breadth trimmed with perpendicular puffs or folds: or if she prefers, she can trim them with horizontal ruffles, or put them on rounding. But whatever she does she must look out that her front breadth bears no resemblance to her back breadth. If she has a score of narrow ruffles in front, she must content herself with a couple of flounces behind. If the back breadths are trimmed with multitudinous ruffles or puffs, she must see to it that a decorous plainness is apparent on the front breadth. After that she can do as she pleases—lay abed until noon if she wants to, and still sustain the character of a fashionable lady.

Sashes did not go out as was predicted. They were never more worn than at present; but if you value your happiness in this life, and have any future expectations, be sure you tie your sash in a huge bow on the left side, nearly to the bottom of the skirt, if the sash is long enough to reach; if not, as low as you can.

And now that I think of it, I read somewhere the other day that those quaint comical little "work-bags" that our grandmothers used to hang on their wrists every time they went anywhere, are being revived.

They are now made to match the suit, and are lined with bright silk, and embroidered with floss or dotted with beads and knots of pretty ribbon. They are called *portayes*, and it is said already act as receptacles for love letters in cases of sly flirtation. The hair is still worn high on the head, and appears to be getting more ambitious every day.

The long walking stick parasols are seen, but tiny toys in that line with convenient little handles that fold up are most popular.

OLIVE KING.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Narrow, oh Lord, the way has been
Which Thou hast led me in,
Deep were the pits all yawning wide,
Down, down on either side.

Dense was the darkness that was spread
Around me and o'erhead;
Pale phantom terrors flitting near,
Pained my heart with fear.

But Thou, oh Lord, hast been my stay
Throughout the fearful way;
Thou, Lord, hast been my guiding Light
In terror's darkest night.

My strength in weakness, joy in grief,
In pain my best relief;
In danger safety, ease in care,
My Hope in blank despair.

To Thee my grateful heart shall raise
Its glad exultant lays,
My soul shall love Thee to the end,
My Saviour, Father, Friend!

GENEVA.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

FAMILY GOVERNMENT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

We, of these later days, have departed from a belief in the old, Orthodox family government, and have fallen to the other extreme; and so depressed is the balance, that a fearful laxity of discipline prevails everywhere.

Children are, in many families, the rulers rather than the ruled, and a most annoying tyranny is inaugurated; and so prevalent has it become, that children are regarded rather as a nuisance than as an agreeable addition to any party of pleasure, or even as visitors among relatives and friends. And we often hear it said:

"Oh, dear! I should much like to see Kate: she was always a favorite of mine, but if she brings that horrid Johnny, and that detestable Minnie, I don't know what I shall do. Why, would you believe it? the very last time they were here Johnny, slid down the banister of the front staircase and scratched the whole length of it with the nails in his boot heels; and he broke the mirror in our guest chamber with his rubber ball. Yes, indeed he did; and Kate never punished him at all! Merely said: 'Poor dear! it is unfortunate to be sure; but children will be children.'"

"And that detestable Minnie spilled the ink all over my new library carpet, and made pencil marks all over the wall paper in the sitting-room."

Now these are not exceptional cases; many of our readers have heard of them, or witnessed similar scenes.

We pay a visit at the house of an indulgent mamma—one who is so fond of her children that she must have them about her when she receives company.

The eldest child, a girl of seven years, takes possession of our card-case and empties its contents upon the parlor carpet; then fingers over every card. Tommy, next in age, seizes our parasol and runs around the room with it. His little sister, Mary, disputes its possession with him; a quarrel ensues, and unless the parasol is as strongly made as a walking-stick, the handle snaps apart under their rude handling.

And we consider ourselves fortunate, after paying several visits to these indulgent mammas, if we return with an unbroken card-case and parasol; but we are sure to have plenty of soiled cards, etc., on hand. Meanwhile the mammas quietly contemplate the raid made upon their visitors' possessions, and either take no notice of it, or smilingly say:

"The little dears! they do enjoy company so much! They always come into the parlor as soon as the bell rings."

Now we desire to protest against such violations of the proprieties of life. We love children, and always delight to notice them, talk with them, and do our share toward entertaining them, when calling upon our friends; but we do think that the fond mammas should remember that their friends do not usually purchase their card-cases and parasols by the dozen, as they buy their handkerchiefs.

On the other hand, we don't like to hear mothers constantly reproving and rebuking their children; but they can surely prevent them from making their presence so very annoying to their friends.

We have been an interested observer, and often a very indignant one, of this matter of family government while receiving visitors; we should say of no government; and we sincerely pity the mammas, children and visitors; and after one experience rarely subject ourself to the ordeal a second time; but if friendship or the ties of relation demand our presence again, we call at an hour when we can feel that we shall not be subjected to any such attacks from the Lilliputs.

It has been well said, that "Nature is not altogether a holy thing," whatever *Rousseau* may assert; she must be reformed from the cradle, and infant-school teachers can witness how important the conduct of the body is in training children.

The present emancipation of children from the old-fashioned forms of respect, does not tend to make them more lovable, but rather the reverse; and our affection for the dear little torments falls down to zero when we meet those who possess no visible signs of decent training in civility.

In the early days of our Republic, the children were trained to stand, until bidden to sit down, in the presence of their elders; and to listen, in lieu of taking most of the conversation to themselves. "The gentlemen of the old school" are living illustrations of the superiority of the manners then inculcated, to those belonging to the young folks of this period.

But our Johns and Marys are permitted to absorb the conversation of the drawing-room, and inflict their rudeness upon all visitors who will mutely endure them; while their mammas either sit in adoration of the feats of their progeny, or else endure sufficient discomfort to punish them for their negligence in not teaching them better manners when visitors were not present.

Sitting at the table of an acquaintance, we noticed that one boy of four or five years, came rushing in with his hat upon his head, and took his seat between two elder sisters. His mother paid no attention to him, and his wants were attended to by the servant in waiting. One of the daughters then said:

"Mamma, shall Frank keep on his hat? I have taken it off three times, and he puts it on directly."

"Alice," replied the mamma, "I have repeatedly told you to let Frank entirely alone!"

After lunch, the lady seemed to think an apology was due to me for Frank's behavior, and said:

"I hope you will not think my children the worse behaved in the city. Mr. Jones is hardly ever at home. I can't spend all my time scolding, and Frank is so obstinate, that if I had told him to take off his hat, very likely he would have kept it on all the more. So I avoid a scene by just letting him alone."

Poor misguided mamma! and poor ungoverned boy! I pitied them both, but could only listen and not advise with the elder, or correct the younger. My acquaintance was not of such a nature that I could "make reply."

Will she always avoid a scene by "letting him alone?"

No, indeed! the scene will come, and its severity may prove truly appalling!

Discipline is as essential to true life as is the very breath we draw; without it our children cannot be made to respect us; and if we desire to make them respectable members of society, we must train and instruct them in decent manners, not only toward ourselves but toward each other.

Civility is only another name for pleasant intercourse with each other, and it appears to have been instituted to enable us all to live together in peace.

"Culture's hand
Has scattered verdure o'er the land,
And smiles and fragrance rule serene,
Where barren wilds usurped the scene:
And such is man—a soil which breeds
Or sweetest flowers, or vilest weeds:
Flowers lovely as the morning's light,
Weeds deadly as an aconite;
Just as his heart is trained to bear
The poisonous weed, or flow'ret fair."

DAISY EYEBRIGHT.

A WORD FITLY SPOKEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"There! that is the best piece Zig ever wrote!" exclaimed Hattie, as she finished reading to mother Zig's last letter in THE POST about 'new-fashioned children.' "It is indeed a word fitly spoken."

"Yes," assented mother, warmly, "and more than stones for all the outlandish sins that Zig has ever been guilty of uttering."

Now we never omit reading Zig's letters, if we haven't time to read anything else which THE POST contains. And our hearts warm toward her for all the brave truths that she so fearlessly speaks. And we always have a laugh too, we are sure of having one as often as we have anything of her writing to feast upon—but—

The "word fitly spoken" is what we intended to write about. Let us recall what the Father of Proverbs said about it:

"A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Such is Zig's brief talk about those silly New York mothers. We read about them last winter, and from the depths of our souls pitied those pampered children. We looked forward to their future, remembering what the poet has written about the "mills of God," which though grinding slowly, grind all with exactness, and also grind "exceeding small." We remembered what turnings and overturnings of Fortune we had witnessed in society during the few years that we have been upon the stage of life, and we thought what poor helpless people some of those same pampered children may yet become when their end of the ladder goes down, and some of the bantlings of Poverty whom they now despise shall soar aloft upon the other end. Whose turn will it then be to look up? and whose to look down?

"What is our Republic coming to?" is a question often forced upon us by various phenomena of our American humanity. We will not join the croakers, and answer the question with the ill-natured reply, "Nothing good." For we know that God rules, and that out of all evil and folly He will bring good. But woe to the perpetrators of the evil and the folly. So surely as the light of the sun heralds the day, shall such perpetrators suffer for their misdoings.

Zig, let us shake hands over that article about new-fashioned children. Thank you a thousand and one times for the "word fitly spoken." Would that it might meet the eye of every mother in our Republic.

WARE.

"SILENCE IS GOLDEN."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY GLEN CAROL.

There is an old proverb and a marvellously true one, which says, "Speech is silver, silence is golden." Precious silence, shy and wise, how few embrace thee and make thee their own! Rather do they court the smiles of thy babbling sister, speech, unmindful of her oftentime rude ways, and vacant, senseless prating.

It is a great piece of wisdom to know when to sit with closed lips, and observant eyes and ears. It is wisdom to be silent when you have nothing to say. People, as a general rule, talk too much, and meditate too little. Tongues run like machinery, mechanically; only, unlike machinery, they run without oiling. Anything—small talk, gossip, *anything;* cast wit and wisdom to the winds, but talk—they *must talk!*

The proverb I quote might be amended, however, in this wise—speech is silver, *only sometimes*, but silence is *always* golden! Silence is a faithful friend, sworn never to betray you; but beware of speech—she is not always to be trusted. Silence hath a charm, a grace all her own, which speech in her most brilliant moods is powerless to equal.

Golden silence! thou art much to be coveted, but prized by few!

Learn to Forget.

It is an excellent thing to have a good memory as a rule, but it is quite as good to have a poor one sometimes. There are some things it would be such a blessing to forget. Angry remarks and bitter retorts are among them; but, alas! a thousand good words are forgotten, while the bad one is remembered forever. It is far easier to learn an idle, senseless jingle of rhymes than a beautiful hymn or poem. Do not waste your time and attention over what you would some day give much to forget. Slanderous words are far better forgotten than remembered. One of the best helps to forgetting is never to speak of them, not even in a whisper. If you hear a playmate say something unkind to another, keep it to yourself; she will forget it pretty soon, and feel as kindly as ever toward the person. But if you tell it, then what a storm you will raise! How the girls will take sides! and two parties will be formed, and very likely the girls' parents will join in the quarrel, and the whole neighborhood will be in a great uproar just because of that cross word you had so much better let die. What would you think of a person who went along picking up all the old burrs and thistles he could find, and then fastening them on to people? Just such nuisances are those malicious, thoughtless words. Don't pick them up, and they will do but little hurt.

☞ THE LABOR OF WOMAN.—A woman has no natural gift more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It is like the sound of a flute on the water. It leaps from her in a clear, sparkling rill, and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed in the cool, exhilarating spring.

HOW VIOLET WAS SAVED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MARY C. BOLLES BRANCH.

CHAPTER I.

MRS. TREMAINE BEGINS THE STORY.

It was not because I *wanted* to go to the very smallest and dullest of New England towns, to stay from October to January, I assure you. It was hard to leave New York just as all the nicest people were coming home from the mountains and watering-places, and all sorts of gay entertainments were about to begin. I wanted to be in the city to go to parties and opera. I wanted to be planning my winter wardrobe, and I had a dressmaker engaged for November, and a host of things on my mind. It was hard to turn my back on Broadway and go into the wilderness, knowing I should return in midwinter looking countrified and unstylish, and behindhand with everything. But I did it for the sake of the family, for Violet's sake.

As I told mother the evening before we started, while I was tossing over Violet's finery and mine, selecting the plainest dresses to pack—

"Of course I am willing to make any sacrifice in a case like this, and it is absolutely necessary that Violet should be taken away somewhere."

Mother agreed with me. She does not always agree with me—but she knows too well herself what it is to marry in poverty, and spend all the fairest years of one's life working up the ladder, only to reach the top at last, faded and worn out and past enjoying things. Because pa is rich to-day, is no sign that he may not fail to-morrow; and certainly no sign that Violet should be allowed to marry a poor man, a struggling medical student.

Violet is our beauty. We brought her out last winter, and she made a decided sensation. We took her to the seaside in the summer, and every one raved about her. Not one girl in a thousand has such a complexion, or such lovely eyes, or such wonderful wavy gold hair.

Mr. Russell, the millionaire, admired her extremely—and I really believe we might have brought her home engaged to him, if an old school-mate at the hotel had not introduced her to a cousin, a young medical man, with some talent, perhaps, but no fortune; and every one knows how a young doctor has to struggle to keep from starving. However, his manner and his way of talking seemed to suit Violet unusually well, and I actually found her walking down on the shore with him one night, listening to the waves, at ten o'clock, when she ought to have been in the hotel parlor, at the grand hop, dancing with Mr. Russell. But Violet is always losing opportunities in a simple unconscious way that provokes me.

So when we came back to New York, and I found, to my dismay, that the young practitioner had come too, and was going to fall into the habit of calling at the house, and when I one day actually surprised Violet in the act of blushing and smiling over a photograph of him, I saw there was danger ahead. The next thing was to decide what to do about it. I would not have hesitated to go so far as to carry Violet off to Europe in order to end the affair, but that was happily rendered unnecessary by my finding that the young man was going to Europe himself. He had received some sort of an offer to go out as surgeon, and expected to remain abroad several months visiting hospitals, hearing lectures, and buying books and instruments. He was not to sail till January to be sure, but still I saw my way clear. The next time he called I was in the parlor, and remained there during the evening, seeing plainly that I was interfering just in time, and not an hour too soon. The fact is, he and Violet are a pair of romantic enthusiastic fools, who would think the world and all well lost for love—and if it were not for their elders and betters, would go to destruction. I knew he would not venture to call again within a week; and on the next day, which was Thursday, I told Violet to get her things ready to go to Belford with me on Friday.

"And pray where is Belford?" asked my sister, opening her blue eyes wide at me.

"I suppose you don't know," I said, severely, "that Belford is the home of our dear aunt, Lucretia, who is in failing health, and has written so often to beg us to visit her."

"Away up in Massachusetts!" cried Violet, in dismay.

"Within ten miles of Boston," I went on. "Think how delightful it will be for once in our lives to see the country in Autumn. I have written Aunt Cree to expect us."

"But why go on Friday?" urged Violet. "Friday is unlucky. Let us wait till next week."

But all her objections were overruled, and she dared not name the greatest. I hastened the preparations, and packed Violet's winter dresses in her trunk, without saying a word to her about it. I think I never felt more relieved than when we were in the cars, and the train moved off, for I had saved Violet. There was not even an understanding between her and Dr. Chilton; he could not now write to her nor follow her, not knowing where she had gone; and even had she been bold enough to write to him first, which she was not, she did not know his city address. I should take good care to prolong our stay in Belford until after he had sailed, and then, heigho! for a gay winter and a fair field for Mr. Russell!

We arrived at Belford after dark, and found Aunt Cree's rickety old carriage waiting for us.

"I can count three stores," said Violet, peering out as we drove along the streets of the little town.

"Oh, well," said I, cheerfully, "we can send into Boston for anything we want."

Aunt Cree was delighted to see us. It was ten years since either of us had visited her before, and she was anxious to do everything to make us comfortable. She gave us her great front chamber, with a blazing fire in it. But, dear me! after the first glow of triumph at getting Violet out of harm's way was over, my heart sank. How on earth was I to endure three months in this stupidest and smallest of towns! Nothing but sisterly duty prevented my taking the first train back to New York. Never shall I forget how inexpressibly distasteful and dreary that front chamber became to me during the next week, while an autumnal storm was raging and no one came near the house. Think of having nobody but Aunt Cree to talk to! That same week too, there were three receptions and as many matinees in New York, that I should have gone to.

Violet bore it better than I. You see she had no idea how long we were to stay, and of course she could amuse herself for awhile. She looked at me rather suspiciously though, when she came to unpack her trunk and found all her thickest winter dresses and her fur cloak at the bottom.

"Why, Harriet, what in the world did you put these in for!" she exclaimed. "One would think you expected to stay till midwinter!"

"Oh," said I, lightly, "you never know what to expect in this climate. There may come a cold snap next week that will turn us into icicles."

Violet did very well for three or four weeks. She enjoyed running all over the old house and searching its out-of-the-way nooks and corners. She enjoyed rambling out in the woods too, and used to come in with great handfuls of bright-colored leaves that she raved over. She used to sing snatches of happy little songs as she went up and down, that fairly made me envy her, for I must say it is nice to be young and full of dreams even, if they are foolish ones.

But after a month Violet grew restless. She began to tease me every day about going home, till I was at my wit's end how to put her off. I am sure I wanted to go had enough myself, and I don't know how I ever should have got along if it had not been for the stock of novels we brought with us, and a sofa pillow, which I had undertaken to work in worsteds, with a great stag's head in the centre. Just as it got to the worst, and Violet was really growing sulky because I would not name a day to start for home, aunt Cree was taken suddenly ill. I must say I almost thought it was providential, for of course it would have been inhuman to leave her then. She needed a great deal of care, and Violet went right into the sick room, and did, oh, I can't begin to tell you how much she did, by night and by day, for poor Aunt Cree. A great deal more than *I* ever could do, for I haven't half Violet's nerves. Well, she said no more about going home for six weeks, when Aunt Cree was fairly out of danger and sitting up. Then Violet wanted to go. But by that time I was quite run down myself, what with nervousness and depression, and sickness in the house, and Aunt Cree's doctor had taken me in charge. So I persuaded Violet it was impossible for me to travel yet, and she had to curb her impatience a little longer. But I could see it was hard work, she did not sing any more as she went up and down, and sometimes she was even irritable; and sometimes I caught her setting her lips in a way that made me afraid she would pack her trunk and start off alone if I did not take care.

But fate came to the rescue again. Haven't you noticed how sometimes everything seems to conspire together to favor a plan? Mother wrote to say that Kit had the scarlet fever, and we must on no account come home till she got well. Our old family doctor himself forbade it. We were not needed, and she entreated, nay, even commanded us to stay where we were. That settled the matter. I think from that time Violet gave up all hope of getting back to New York before Rhett Chilton sailed. It might have overcome some hearts to see how quiet she grew, pale and pathetic, but I steeled mine. What! shall one not give medicine because it has a bitter taste! It was all for her best good, and she would see it when she became Mrs. Russell.

So we waited on and on, and at last we were fairly entered upon January. It was not so tedious as at first, for Dr. Mann who had done so much for Aunt Cree and me, still kept up his visits in a friendly way, and frequently dropped in for a game of whist. Then, as our novels were exhausted, I now and then went into Boston to the circulating libraries for more. There was an old friend of mother's, Miss Rosenthal, a quiet maiden lady who lived near the depot in Boston, and I usually called there and took lunch when I went on these trips. She was always so glad to hear from mother. But her house was so prim and quiet I never wanted to stay in it long.

Mother wrote that Kit was getting well, but it was not yet safe for us to return. In a private note to myself she mentioned that Dr. Chilton would sail the thirteenth of January. It was now the eleventh. That evening Violet seemed more drooping than usual. Her eyes were bent on a book, but she seldom turned a leaf. Aunt Cree, who was now quite strong, was sitting up late in her easy chair, with a little hand screen before her face. Suddenly she said to me—

"Hasn't Violet any lovers, Harriet? When I was young, pretty girls had lovers."

I saw a blush and a smile steal over Violet's face, but she did not stir.

"Oh, yes," I said, "Violet has a score of lovers. There is one in particular, though, and he is a splendid man, rich and generous and handsome."

"What is his name?" asked Aunt Cree.

"Mr. Russell," I said. Violet's face had grown pale again while I spoke, and she exclaimed "Harriet tells wrong stories, Aunt Cree." Then she came around and sat down at Aunt Cree's feet.

"Why didn't *you* ever get married?" she asked wistfully, "Hadn't you any lovers?"

"Yes," said Aunt Cree becoming grave, and stroking Violet's hair, "There was one whom I loved, and who loved me."

"Oh, then why didn't you marry him?" asked Violet with quivering lip.

"Circumstances wove a web around us," said Aunt Cree, sadly, "and there was no escape. A woman thinks she will tread burning ploughshares for her love, and yet the merest trifles may build up a wall between them that they can never, never pass."

Violet gave a little hysterical sob, and then burst into a passion of weeping that alarmed us both. It was all I could do to quiet her and get her to bed, and then it was more pride than I that quieted her, for she still thought she had guarded her secret. After I was in bed myself, I lay still and thought the whole matter over. Was I sorry for my share? No, my own life has been a failure, I have been made to feel that bitterly enough, and I want my beautiful sister's to be a success. No, I was not sorry.

But I made up my mind that she needed a change, something to divert and interest her. No wonder she was unstrung, pent-up and moping month after month in that old house. She should have some entertainment. That very day Dr. Mann had invited us to go into Boston with him to attend a concert the following evening. I now determined that we would accept. It was to be something fine, Parepa and Carl Rosa, just what Violet would enjoy, she was so fond of music.

In the morning I told Dr. Mann we would go. It was not a very pleasant day, we were having the January thaw, people said, but that made no difference, as we should go in a close carriage from the cars to the hall. I tried to rouse Violet to an interest in the occasion, and made her dress herself as prettily as possible. At the appointed hour we went.

Will you believe that no sooner were the cars fairly on the way than I became terrified? What was I about? True, Rhett Chilton was to sail the next day, and it did not seem as if there could be any possible danger, but I became haunted with the idea that he would be at that concert, would speak to Violet, and undo all. Vessels sailed from Boston as well as from New York. What a fool I had been not to think of that! I grew so nervous over these possibilities that I heartily wished the concert had never been thought of.

However, here Providence helped me again. When we reached Boston there was a freight train ahead of us in the depot on our track, so we were obliged to wait outside for it to move off. The impatient passengers began to leave the cars, ourselves among the number. It was then raining hard, and as we came out on the car platform, Violet being first, she sprang hastily down to the ground without waiting for help, and immediately cried out that she had stumbled and it was very muddy. I should think it was! Why, the mud where she fell must have been six inches deep, judging from the figure she was when we got into the depot where there were lights

to see by. Her pretty blue silk was utterly ruined, and as for her white kid gloves!

"Of course you can't go to the concert looking such a fright as this!" I cried, "and what *shall* we do?"

Then luckily I remembered Miss Rosenthal. Her house was close by, and we could leave Violet there to get warm and dry, and be comfortable all the evening, while Dr. Mann and I went on to the hall, for it would be a shame to waste all three of the tickets. So I told my plan, and we drove to Lynde street at once. I ran up the steps myself with Violet, and gave her into Miss Rosenthal's own hands. She was kindness itself, and promised to take Violet right up into her own room and give her dry clothes and some cordial.

So my mind was relieved in more ways than one, and Dr. Mann and I proceeded to the hall, getting there just as the orchestra began. It was a delightful concert, the Rosas did magnificently and were applauded almost to frenzy. And I must say I enjoyed seeing an audience of stylish people again; the very sight of so many opera glasses did me good. I was not ashamed of my escort either, for Dr. Mann is decidedly distinguished-looking.

Well, the concert was over at eleven, but it was nearly an hour later when we reached Lynde street and called for Violet. We were in a great hurry, as we wanted to catch the twelve o'clock train. Miss Rosenthal came to the door. I have not another word to say, she may finish the story.

CHAPTER II.

MISS ROSENTHAL FINISHES THE STORY.

My brother and I live after a very quiet fashion, on a very quiet street, in the same house that has always belonged to our family, ever since my great-grandfther built it. It is an old house. We too are growing old, and our friends with us, and one by one they are numbering fewer in this world and more in the other. I tell brother that as neither of us has married, and as we have no nieces and nephews to be interested in, we must take care lest we become too engrossed in ourselves and our own comfort. When I say this, he replies that he is taking care, and that he has several young persons on his mind in whose career he is interesting himself, and he advises me to do the same instead of being so devoted to my cup of tea and my tabby cat.

When my old friend and schoolmate, Martha Quincy, now Mrs. Ray, of New York, wrote me in one of her brief infrequent letters, some months ago, that two of her daughters were stopping in Belford, I meant to take pains to see a good deal of them. But when the eldest one, Harriet Tremaine, called, I did not take a fancy to her. Her eye ran over my room and over my dress in a quiet amused way, while she rattled on about balls and parties and her poor health, and told what a belle her dear Violet was. Somehow I got the impression that her sister was very much like herself, and after that I did not go out to Belford, for which I am sorry now.

But last evening I had a pleasant surprise. I was in the dining-room packing the silver basket; we had had tea later than usual on account of brother bringing company home with him—when suddenly I heard carriage wheels stop, and then the door-bell rang furiously. Jane did not seem to be on hand, so setting down the basket, I stepped to the door myself, and there stood Harriet Tremaine all in a flutter, with a remarkably pretty girl at her side, who did not seem to know whether to laugh or

"This is Violet, Miss Rosenthal," said Mrs. Tremaine, "and she has been very unfortunate. We are on our way to Carl Rosa's concert, but it is terribly wet and rainy, and she has fallen down. I am afraid she is wet through, and you see what a figure she is with the mud! Of course she can't go, and I thought perhaps you would kindly let her stay here by your fire, and keep from taking cold, while we go on. We will call for her when the concert is over. Thanks, no. I can't come in, we are in great haste. Good-evening!"

And down she fluttered to the carriage again, leaving that poor child in her sad plight in the doorway. I drew her in, and took her first into the library where brother and his guests had sat for awhile before they went out, so of course there was a good fire. But then I bethought myself that her clothes needed changing, so I made her go up-stairs into my own room where there was a fire also.

I kept her talking, I could not help it, all the while that she was taking off her wet things, and putting on some of mine to wear till her own was dry. She pleased me as entirely as Harriet had *not*. Young, sweet, and fair she ought to have been running over with laughter and song, but instead of that there was some subtle hint at sadness in all she said and did, which drew me to her all the closer.

"Go into my wardrobe and choose any dress you like," I said, throwing open the doors. "There are no ruffles nor flounces there, no buckles nor streamers. I do not know what to give you, so you must make your choice."

"Oh, how nice!" she exclaimed, merrily. "I will make believe for this evening that I am your little sister and have always lived here with you, and been brought up with you, and wear just what you wear!"

"For one evening," I said, "but suppose it were going to be for life?"

"I am not sure that I should not like that even better," she answered, with that haunting sadness flying through the light tones of her voice.

I opened two or three drawers and boxes in which my few ornaments lay, and told her to take what she liked to make her toilet complete, for I thought it might amuse her to turn my things over. She recognized an old ruby brooch I have as the original of the one painted in the picture of my great grandmother, which hung at the foot of my bed, and that delighted her, because it was so old. She chatted on about one thing and another, and seemed so pleased and interested that I promised myself a very happy evening with her. I thought it quite fortunate that brother and his two young friends had gone out, for now we could have the library all to ourselves, and there were a great many things there that Violet would like to look at.

"There, you run down-stairs now, little sister," I said. "You can easily find the way, 'tis the same room you were in at first. Draw up an easy chair, and put your feet before the fire. I will come myself in a few minutes, as soon as I have called my maid, and told her what to do with your wet clothes."

So the pretty little figure, enveloped in my purple wrapper, with her lovely yellow hair streaming over her shoulders, tripped away, and I heard her go down the stairs.

I rang for Jane, and set her to work to clean the blue silk dress and the jaunty little boots. It took me some time to show her how to do it properly, and then when I could safely leave her, I bethought myself that I should have given Violet something warming to prevent a chill. So I went to my cabinet where I keep a little anniseed cordial, and filled a glass to take down with me.

Down the stairs and through the hall I stepped, slowly and carefully, so as not to spill the cordial, but when I reached the library and opened the door, which had been standing ajar, it was a miracle that I did not drop the glass. I saved it and myself by dropping into the nearest chair.

There was Rhett Chilton, who had taken tea with us, and who had gone out with my brother more than an hour before, and mercy only knew how he had got into the house again without my hearing him, but there he was, with his arms around Violet, and her head against his shoulder!

"Why, I don't know what it all means!" was all I could say, I was so taken aback.

And then that pretty little Violet came up to me and kissed me, with her face all in a blush, and between them both I managed to get at the truth enough to know that they loved each other and had been separated, and that there had been no end of a misunderstanding; but now it was all cleared away, and I never in my life saw two such radiant young faces. It was the most fortunate thing that they met just when they did, for in twenty-four hours more Rhett Chilton expected to be on the ocean. "And perhaps we might have been like Evangeline and Gabriel all our lives!" he said, drawing a deep breath.

I felt almost as much sympathy as if I had been sixteen, instead of sixty, and I kept going out of the room on lengthy errands, so that the dear young things could have a good chance to say all they wished to each other. By and by brother came hurrying up the steps and rang the bell furiously. I opened the door.

"Where's Chilton!" he exclaimed. "I sent him back with my door key two hours ago, to get a book out of the library, that we wanted at the club! Why didn't he bring it? Where is he?"

I drew him into a corner of the hall, and gave him an idea of the little romance that was going on in the house. He stared at me, and then seized his hat.

"I'm going back to the club," he said, with one of his comical growls, "you needn't mind if I am out late. Confound the book!"

But for all that I knew he was glad, he has such a kind heart underneath—and Dr. Chilton is one of his pets.

Well, the lovers sat by the fire and talked, and I wandered in and out without ever once thinking how late it was getting, when all of a sudden, there were the carriage wheels again, and the bell, and Harriet Tremaine.

"Such a superb concert!" she exclaimed. "Is Violet ready to go home? Pray tell her to come right out."

"Why no, she isn't ready," I began, "we forgot—"

But Mrs. Tremaine was pushing by me impetuously.

"She must hurry!" she said, "we have no time to lose. Violet, where are you, child?"

And reaching the library she went in ahead of me, but I was in time to see the blank look that swept over her face and the dark frown that succeeded it, at the sight of Chilton and Violet hand in hand. She gave me one bitter glance, but after that she controlled herself well. I am sure now that she has been at the bottom of all the trouble.

"Harriet," said Violet, "Rhett and I are engaged. You see I have his ring on my finger. It is all settled. Now, I will not keep you waiting. Good-bye, my dearest love. God will keep us safe for each other!"

And turning away bravely, she went up-stairs. Dr. Chilton lingered a moment, not to see Violet again, for all had been said, but to make a courteous adieu to Mrs. Tremaine and myself. Then he went out into the night and the storm, but with a light in his eyes that no storm could quench.

In a very short time Violet came down again, dressed ready to go.

"We have still time to reach the train," she said.

And gave me a warm kiss before she would go. I knew there was a world of thanks in the kiss.

Then she went with her sister, brave and fearless. She will hold her own against Harriet Tremaine now, never fear! And oh, how glad and thankful I am that Violet is saved, saved from desolation and a broken heart!

The Indian Wives of Border Whites.

The custom of taking to themselves Indian wives still prevails among the hunters and trappers of our Western Territories, and a correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, writing from Wyoming, says: "It is no uncommon thing, in the mountainous region, to find a white man and a squaw who have a numerous progeny of half-breed children growing up around them. These children are active and quick witted, and will go toward making up our highland population. The squaws make good and faithful wives, and, so far as their knowledge goes, good mothers. They seem to enjoy life, and in their gambling games, get thoroughly excited. The women have games of their own, and no man interferes with them in any way. The game seems to be somewhat like the old play of the children called, 'Button, button, who's got the button?' During the whole game, all the women sing together the most lively air I have ever heard among the savages, and all are eager for the possession of the grand prize, which consists of beads and beadwork, scissors, money, needles, thread, and a hundred other things dear to the feminine heart.

The children, too, are anxious lookers-on; and he who supposes the Indians never enjoy themselves ought to see them engaged in this game, where their whole souls appear to be absorbed in pleasurable excitement. It is is called 'Ni-a-witz, the Game of Hand;' and, while it is going on, a woman at either end of the two rows of players, beats on the poles which separate them with all their might, keeping time to the music, and increasing the enthusiasm as much as possible. Some of the young squaws are handsome, black-eyed creatures, with masses of raven hair, who would attract attention anywhere. Their bright-colored blankets set off their charms to the greatest advantage, and they appear modest and decorous enough. For a long time I was of opinion that there was no such thing as a handsome Indian girl, but in this I was greatly mistaken—some of them being very fair to look upon. They break early in life, and the old women look like the veriest hags. The young girls have all the playful little ways of their fairer sisters, and the little ones have their dolly papooses, the same as white children. Human nature, after all, is a good deal the same everywhere, and a little observation among savages shows that they are governed by the same passions and impulses that we are, though untamed. A love of ease, and a contempt for hard work, are by no means confined to the redskins.

☞ The Man and His Work.—It is the man who determines the dignity of the occupation, not the occupation which measures the dignity of the man.

☞ Be Open.—The man who always has some plot on hand, who naturally takes to trickery and concealment, and is never ready to have his actions brought out into the clear light of day, is apt to be so constitutionally base, that he seldom, even by accident, deviates into the path of honor and virtue.

☞ A Wife's Power.—The power of a wife, for good or evil, is irresistible. Without one, home must be forever unknown. A good wife is to a man wisdom, strength and courage; a bad one is confusion, weakness and despair. No condition is hopeless to a man where the wife possesses firmness, decision and economy.

ONLY A SONG.

BY CHARLES E. PRATT.

Only a song that a maiden sang,
Yet it stayed in the young man's heart all day;
And his mind from business wandered away,
And the bright blue eyes and soft brown hair
Gleamed out from the pages before him there,
And the silvery tones through his memory rang.

The song was of love, and he thought, "Can it be
That she thought of me as she sang so sweet?"
And ah, how the thrills of a love complete
Seemed stirring his heart and filling his brain;
As he thought, "She will sing me the song again,
And I will ask her to live with me."

They walk together Life's paths to-day,
And their hearts are merry and light and free,
And like as sweet as life can be;
And the happy years glide swiftly from view,
And their love though old seems ever new,
Which trouble or grief can never decay.

Ever My Queen.

BY PIERCE EGAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK," "VIOLET; OR, THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE," "MARK JARRETT'S DAISY," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

HOW LYDIA WENT A QUEEN TO THE TRIP.

Lydia—as we must still call her—almost fell to the ground, as if she had been smitten a sudden blow, on receiving Lollie's startling communication, uttered in shrill tones. "Old Sydney himself!" pealed through her ears, deafening and paining her.

It brought a throng of thoughts, memories, and speculations, many of which had been long abandoned, back to her mind; jostling, struggling, and contending with each other, bewildering and confounding her, so that for a moment she seemed to lose consciousness, and tottered and swayed as if about to fall to the ground.

Lollie grasped her tightly by the wrist, and murmured in her ear—

"Don't faint, Lyddy—don't faint, dear! Don't be a fool and a muff, darling. Pull yourself together, old girl—it isn't a ghost, nor a fetch, nor any rot of that sort, but the man old Sydney himself, and you will want all your firmness and strength to play your cards with Mrs. Belzebub at home. Wake up, Lyddy—you are as white as two ounces of lard—Lyddy, Lyddy, don't be a fool! recollect you'll want all your good looks for the day out, when Mr. my Lord Athol will go out with us."

At this suggestion Lydia started again; but it had the effect, as Lollie said, of a "sniff of smelling-salts" to her, for a sudden flush of crimson suffused her face and neck.

In turn she caught Lollie by the arm, and, in a tone of the greatest possible distress, exclaimed—

"Oh, Lollie! Lollie! I do wish that I was dead. I cannot endure to drag on the existence to which I am compelled at home—and—and—I will not go to that river treat—and—I will—not—I cannot go back—to the house of business any more—never—never!"

"Pish! fiddle!" cried Lollie, growing excited. "You will do what I tell you, Lyddy. I am your friend, Lyddy—your true, right-down, sincere friend. There is no nonsense about me! I love you better than I do my sister Fan, and you know how fond I am of her; I love you, Lyddy, better than myself, and that is saying a precious deal, so I mean to stick to you through thick and thin. Now, listen to me, there's a dear old dove, and let's walk on, or else we shall have some puppy out for his hour and a half, annoying us."

As she uttered this, she took Lydia's hand, passed it through her left arm and clutched it to her side, at the same time she hurried on with a quick step.

"Now, just mind me, Lyddy," she resumed, as they got into their usual rapid pace. "You have a great deal before you, and you must pull out your nerve. You were born to be a lady, and I shall live to see it—"

"You only wound and pain me by such remarks," interposed Lydia, in a plaintive voice. "I know only too bitterly what I am—a common workgirl!"

Lollie stamped her foot, and her cheek burnt fiercely.

"And, pray, ain't a workgirl, if she's a good girl, as good as a princess?" she cried, angrily. "She don't live in such a fine house, wear such fine clothes, or ride about in splendid carriages and on beautiful horses and ponies—no; she must wear what she can afford, go by third class or 'bus when she rides—or walk always as we do—but, as a girl, one is as good as the other, and better, too, when she has to work hard for her bread and cheese—sometimes a bloater, as Becky Tudge does. Now, Lyddy dear, don't play tragedy and fine lady before your time. You will have to do it one day, as sure as I am alive, but it is too soon to begin just yet. Look'ee here, Lyddy, you have got your work cut out; be a brave girl, face it. God has made your path for you, as He has mine. Don't fly in His face, darling, but, as the song says, 'grasp your nettle.' Will you, Lyddy—will you promise me you will?"

Lydia stopped, and impulsively threw her arms round Lollie's neck and kissed her. It was but the work of an instant, and they were hurrying on again.

"You have rightly reproved me, Lollie dear," she exclaimed, in a low tone, after a moment's silence. "I will bear my burden as a duty, I will grasp my nettle, and look the future in the face as firmly and as bravely as I can."

"That's a darling, and my own Lyddy!" cried Lollie, in a rich, joyous tone, full of emotion. "You will be Lady Athol by and by, and I shall be Mrs. Jack Brown—if I can find any Jack Brown to have me."

Pray do not talk in that way," murmured Lydia, with a heavy sigh.

"Well, we will not count chickens just yet," responded Lollie, with her cheery laugh. "Only I am a Jill that wants a Jack, and it is almost time for me to look for my Jack. Never mind—there, I'll drop that subject. But, now to a very serious one," she continued, altering the tone of her voice to a grave one. "You must not breathe a word to your dear mamma that you have seen old Sydney."

"No?" ejaculated Lydia, interrogatively. "It is the very first thing I should have told her."

"That is just why I named it," returned Lollie, hastily. "You keep that to yourself. You can square your conscience about it, because she is safe not to ask you if you have seen him, so there will be no occasion for a white tarradiddle, by saying, 'no you have not;' but you will have her secret in your keeping. You will have a power over her, which, if used at the right moment, will keep her as quiet as a mouse and as humble as a spaniel. You must play your cards well, and not breathe a word until she tries to squeeze you into a corner and trample you in the dirt; then you can show her the point of the forefinger of your right hand. 'Papa Sydney is alive,' says you, 'there's a bone for you to pick. I have seen him, and I know where to find him.'"

"But I do not," objected Lydia, hastily.

"Ay, but by that time you will," she said, with a knowing nod of her head. "You must not blurt it out until the right time. I will tell you when—and then you may fold your arms like Lady Macbeth, hold up your head, and—as I heard an actress at the Standard once say—she was grand—'a—a—woman—I defy—and—a—I scorn you!'"

Lydia could not help smiling, yet she shook her head doubtingly. She knew the nature of mamma Sydney much better than did Lollie.

"No matter," pursued Lollie, as she noticed the gesture. "Wait—there is a good time coming, I am sure there is. I've my presentiments, and we must afford to wait for the good time. Oh, here we are at your house. I shall come in with you, Lyddy. You must let me tell the story of to-day in my own way, and all about the steamboat *fete* too, or you will make a muddle of it. Mind, not a word about Mr. Athol, you know."

"No," murmured Lydia, almost inaudibly, as she let her eyelids fall.

Lollie had stopped before the door of a small yet respectable-looking house, and now she laid hold of the fourth brass knob of a row of that number on the door post, and pulled it rather sharply. After the lapse of a minute, which impatience converted into five, the door opened with a kind of dash, and a tall, bony, haggard-faced woman, with knitted brows and scowling eyes, stood before them.

It was Mrs. Smith, alias Sydney, born Anne Marchmont.

There was nothing approaching a welcome in her face, when from beneath her eyelids she scrutinized the pleasant face of Lollie, and she stood rigidly on the threshold as if she expected the young girl to bid good-night to Lydia and go her way homeward.

Lollie, however, was a young person who was not easily to be deterred or repulsed when she had an object to effect, so she said, in her light, pleasant way, as if she had nothing approaching a mental reservation in her busy brain—

"Good-evening, Mrs. Sydney. I've brought Lyddy safe home, and I want a bit of chat with you. Third floor, isn't it? Lyddy dear, come along."

And before the woman whom she had addressed could turn to arrest her, she glided past her like an eel, and sprang up the narrow staircase like a romp of thirteen chased by an infuriated brother.

She was already seated in a chair and taking a rapid survey of the room when its mistress entered, followed by her beautiful, silent, and pensive charge, and she saw that the former was angry and indignant, and with a frank laugh, which had a silver ring in its tone, she exclaimed—

"Now don't show your nasty temper, Mrs. Sydney, until you hear the news. Rare news for you, isn't it, Lyddy?"

"My name is not Sydney—but Smith," responded the woman, sharply; "and my daughter's name is Etheline, not Lyddy, and excuse me if I tell you, Miss Leslie, that you have rudely taken a great liberty in forcing your way into my apartment uninvited."

"Oh, yes, I'll excuse you," returned Lollie, with perfect self-possession. "People do make mistakes sometimes; but I know you, if you please, Mrs. Sydney—er Smith. By the bye that was not your name in America—you were Mrs. May there, wasn't you? But I say I know a very great deal about you in the past, and when you recollect that fact, you will not call me rude and presuming, will you?"

Mrs. Sydney started at this remark, and fastened her pale eyes on the girl's face as if she would pierce through its outer covering of the brain to read her meaning; but Lollie's countenance was so naturally open and ingenuous, that unless her emotions resisted her control nothing was to be gathered from it.

Without seeming to notice this eager, piercing scrutiny, she proceeded at once to narrate the events of the morning, how Lydia had been complimented, and rewarded with a purse of money, made Queen of the Workroom, and was to be the heroine of a trip down the river in a steamboat.

"Where is the purse of money?" demanded Mrs. Sydney, turning her cat-like eyes fiercely upon Lydia, as if she anticipated that she had made way with at least half of it.

Lydia drew the handsome portmonnaie from her pocket and gave it to her. There was a cloud on her brow, and she never raised her downcast eyes.

Lollie, who was watching her, observed the quiet, haughty grace with which, as if disdaining remark, she surrendered the little tribute to her ability, and she thought to herself—

"If Lyd is not a born lady, stolen by this old hag, I'm a Japan!"

But she discreetly kept this mental observation to herself, and made a movement as if to take the purse away from the woman, but the latter gripped it with the talons of a vulture, and held it behind her.

"How dare you?" she exclaimed, indignantly.

"Oh! *I* don't want a farthing of it," cried Lollie, with a curling lip. "I can provide for myself, but it is Lyddy's own—"

"Etheline, Miss Leslie, if you please; pray remember that," interposed Mrs. Smith, quickly and irately. "It will be better while you are thrown together to confine yourself to calling her Miss Smith."

"That may do for old Fizzle, but not for me," returned Lollie, with a peculiarly suggestive laugh. But she suddenly changed the expression of her face, and turned her large brown eyes on the woman's gray orbs, and said, with unequivocal significance, "I will address her as Etheline Smith when it may be dangerous to call her Lyddy Sydney. I fancy I know that time almost as well as you, Mrs. Sydney—May—Smith."

"What do you mean, girl," demanded the stern woman, half wrathfully, but also half affrightedly.

Lollie moved her hand rather grandly, and responded rather shrilly for her—

"Oh, you are safe with me, so long as you behave well to Lyddy; but if you treat her shamefully or unkindly you may expect to find a bitter enemy in Lollie Leslie."

Again changing her manner, she rapidly went into the question of the disposal of the funds which Lydia had brought home with her, and declared that, as Lydia had been crowned Queen of the Workroom, so it would be her manifest destiny to preside over the young ladies as queen of the steamboat *fete*, and she must be dressed accordingly. But she could extort no promise from Lydia's pseudo-mother, except that she would allow Lydia to join the trip, and perhaps she might buy her a ribbon, a collar, and a pair of gloves, but nothing more.

"I thought so," mused Lollie, as she took her way homeward alone; "but Lydia is allowed to go, and that's the grand thing, for I have got five golden sovereigns of Lyddy's, and I can make them go a long way. I know how to fit her to a wrinkle. I will borrow that dress she has on, which fits her like a tight glove, on pretence of cutting a pattern for myself from it, and I'll get her to come to me on the morning of the treat and help me to dress, then won't I rig her out lovely, as if she were my own dear old doll!"

Lollie said her prayers and slept sweetly that night, for in her mental vision she had dressed up Lydia, and in her dreams she saw her led out on board the steamer by Mr. Athol for the first set of quadrilles, looking every inch a queen, as he did a prince.

A fortnight allowed the girls to provide their costumes for the delightful occasion seemed plenty of time, but it must be remembered that they were at work at their machines all day from nine to seven, and often later; and the ravishing garments had to be chosen, to be bought, and made during the night, and just after the dawn, until immediately prior to proceeding to the labors of the day.

But what of that? The sum given as a bonus at the end of the week to the young ladies was larger than they had expected, and they felt like being lavish when they made their purchases. It is wonderful what taste and skill will do with small means. It was remarkable what magnificence was accomplished by those young ladies with a sum which some of their sex would have declared insufficient to supply them with perfume.

Happily it was bright and beautiful summer-time, and the weather was settled, so that muslins formed the rule of wear. They looked so light, tasteful, and gossamer like when made up, and a few ribbons or flowers, judiciously chosen as regarded colors, and arranged with feminine taste, added so much to their attractions, that a little money went a long way to produce an immense effect.

And was there not during the luncheon, or rather dinner-hour, the oft-repeated question, "What are you going to wear, dear?" and were there not firm reservations as to the answers given? Did not that large frying-pan, in the absence of luxuries, in the shape of a thin rasher, a fresh herring, a sausage, an egg, sliced potatoes, and other such esculents, betray how much pinching was going on, by which a yard more muslin or a few more flowers might be obtained, or fivepence halfpenny additional for a pair of one and elevenpence-halfpenny gloves? Were there not many banyan days observed by not a few who were insufficiently fed at the best of times?

But was there dullness with the hunger unappeased? Were there murmurings, complainings, and discontent in the workroom? Not the slightest. Every girl seemed to be in a state of delirious, joyous excitement. Independent of the pro-ing and con-ing about what was to be worn on the delightful day, there was the discussion respecting what was to be done. It was made known that the Gladstonian, a fine saloon steamer, had been chartered, and was to start from London-bridge on the appointed morning, and proceed down the grand, beautiful, lively, lovely old Father Thames, gliding in and out like a graceful, rainbow-tinted snake, among the thousands of ships of all sizes and rigs lying at anchor down the miles of pool. The tickets for the young ladies were already bought and paid for, ready to be issued. The forewoman, Miss Camoy, let out that piece of thrilling intelligence, and the intoxicating piece of information nearly upset the equilibrium of the workroom.

Mr. Fisell also suffered to escape from his lips, as an indifferent remark, that Mr. Athol had secured the services of the military band belonging to a volunteer corps, of which he was a major, and they were to attend with their brass instruments glowing like gold, and a drum so big as to effectually hide the player. The men were to attend, too, in their superb uniforms, every man looking like a lieutenant-colonel at least. Oh, joy!

One artless and unsophisticated maiden wanted to know if the whole corps could not be invited to come too. She thought it would be so nice if they only could.

But this was, of course, treated as an insane suggestion; not but what it was generally admitted that it would be truly nice if such an arrangement could be brought about.

However, there were hints, and hopes, and wishes circulated in not altogether inaudible tones in the workroom, whenever "old Fizz" presented himself on the pretence of making business communications to Miss Lydia Smith, but really to feast his eyes and his senses on the rare loveliness of the young lady, that the firm would present sixty tickets for the steamer to as many young eligible, dressy swells in the gentleman's department—hosiery, or otherwise, as it might be—in that enormous establishment. There seemed to be no end of nice young fellows in the house who were not stuck-up and proud as regarded "workgirls," and a contingent of some of the best-looking and well-dressed of these youths, looking every man of them like younger sons of noblemen, would be most desirable.

There was much rapture exchanged at the bare anticipation, but it seemed to embody an amount of bliss quite impossible of attainment.

Especially as old Fizz made no sign. He either did not hear the suggestion, or, if he did, it was not one he intended to countenance; but Miss Camoy, when it was submitted to her in such terms that she could not evade it, turned up her nose, and laughed derisively.

"Why not shut up the house and all go?" she demanded, sarcastically.

"Why not?" thought the young people, to a maiden; but they did not ask the question, and it seemed to be the only cloud looming over their expected happiness.

But it happened that Lollie was one morning very unexpectedly entrusted with a message from Miss Camoy to one of the buyers, who was known at the moment to be in the private room of a member of the firm, and she had the supreme good fortune, especially as she had tried hard for it, to run against Mr. Athol.

She dropped him the lowest of courtesies, and he instantly stopped and spoke to her in the pleasantest and most affable way. He immediately, as she expected he would, broached the subject of the trip, and she answered him as she had previously arranged with herself she would, if she had the luck to exchange words with him.

He laughed unaffectedly at a suggestion she submitted to him in seeming earnestness.

"Bring your brothers and cousins with you, Miss Leslie," he repeated, in those tones which had before very nigh thrilled her. "I really do not see how it would be possible to offer any objection to that proposition. Do you wish to take your brother with you?"

"I have not got one, sir," she returned, looking down with a simple expression.

"Your cousin then?" he remarked.

"I have no cousin that I know of," she replied, looking up at him as Ariel might have done at Prospero when he proposed to execute mischief.

"Well, what would you do, then, if the permission you ask for were granted to you?"

"Borrow somebody's brother," she replied, promptly. "Or go without," she added, quickly, with a sudden blush. "I can do very well alone, but some of the others, if you please, sir—"

"Ah, I see;" he laughed; "partners required for the dance, eh?"

"Some of the young men in the glove and necktie department would do," she ventured, hesitatingly.

"I understand, Miss Leslie," he rejoined, quickly. "I will talk that question over with my partners, and I have no doubt we shall contrive to make the day as enjoyable for all the young ladies as may be possible."

"Thank you, sir; you are indeed very kind," she returned, with another low courtesy, and moved slowly away.

She was dreadfully anxious to know from him whether he intended to be one of the party, but she did not dare ask. He saw, however, that there was something else lurking in her mind, and that it gave him an opportunity for permitting to slip through his lips something that was lurking in his mind.

"One moment, if you please," he said, in a low voice.

She was back to him in a second.

"I was thinking—it has occurred to me—I was about to remark," he commenced, with a curious embarassment he was quite unable to conceal. He caught the bright round eye of Lollie scrutinizing his features rather closely, and the eloquent blush which looks so charming on the face of a young girl, but so foolish on that of the other sex, suffused his countenance in spite of himself, and he added, hastily, "Of course your young queen will be the presiding star of the party?"

"Oh, yes," she rejoined, with voluble rapidity. "And she will look lovely, exquisite, as beautiful as any princess the world ever saw. But she has no brothers—or cousins—and I am sure, quite—quite sure, that she would not—accept the—the—attentions of any of the—the young men—of this side of the house; so she will be alone—that is, but for me—quite alone—if—if—no one—to whom she can talk—like an equal—comes to keep her company. Poor girl!"

"Poor girl!" he echoed, quickly. "Is—is Miss Smith an orphan?"

"Well no, sir, not exactly an orphan," returned Lollie, dropping her eyes beneath the brilliant orbs fastened on hers, without thinking of them or her. "She has—a mother—at least a woman who calls herself her mother, but I do not believe she is. There is a great mystery about her, sir. She is too lovely, too ladylike, to be the daughter of that woman, and one day—one—day, sir—"

"I'm called away," abruptly exclaimed Mr. Athol, as he observed Superintendent Fisell, walking to him. "I will not forget your suggestion, and I will try what can be managed."

Lollie favored him with one of her sweetest smiles, and returned to the workroom, but without mentioning a word of her interview even to Lydia.

"He will be there, I am sure," she thought, squeezing her hands together almost convulsively. "And he will devote himself to Lyddy. He looked as if he meant it. Won't I dress her fine, that's all!"

And did she not try?

She made herself acquainted with those sources by which girls in her condition are able, as a matter of favor, to obtain goods in small quantities at wholesale prices, and she selected everything likely to make her friend Lydia appear as attractive as possible. She had excellent taste, and she never exercised it to greater advantage than on this occasion. She sat up late and rose early. She got a friend or two belonging to the room to help her, and when the eve of the never-to-be-forgotten day of felicity arrived, she had everything completed for Lydia and for herself.

All the preparations, under the superintendence of Miss Camoy and Mr. Fisell' were made on the day previous to the *fete*, and on the same evening each young lady was supplied with a ticket of admission to the steamer, with injunctions to be on board before ten o'clock.

Lydia, as she had promised, called for Lollie, and the latter the moment she saw her dragged her into the house, up-stairs, into her bed-room, and locked the door.

She pointed to garments neatly arranged on the bed, and she said, in a kind of peremptory way—

"I knew what a fright that old skinflint, your mamma Sydney, would send you out, Lyddy, and I have provided this dress and this bonnet and these things for you. Not a word! I'll scream you down if you object! Listen to me, dear. All these things are bought with your money—yours—your own—not mine, nor anybody else. Your own money—mark that! Now dress yourself, for we have not a minute to spare."

"I cannot," feebly objected Lydia, turning very pale as she shrinkingly glanced at the attractive garments.

"You must," persisted Lollie, almost passionately. "Mr. Athol will be there, and he will talk to you—perhaps only to you. Would you like him to do so, and you in that poor, thin, worn rag of a dress of yours, while these beautiful things, bought with your own money, are lying uselessly here? Now, don't interrupt me. I'll tell you how the money is yours by and by. You cannot go as you are, and if you won't wear these things you cannot go at all. But you will, dear, won't you? I'm sure you wouldn't like to be the worst-dressed of the lot, and you the Queen of the Workroom too. Oh, Lyddy, don't be a mule—don't spoil the day by stopping away. The girls won't enjoy themselves a bit if you don't go, and you know how they have looked forward to it—so longed for it. You will wear that dress, dear, won't you, sweet Lyddy, eh, darling?"

Lydia glanced at the handsome dress, then at her own faded garments, and her forehead and cheeks crimsoned. Some disquieting and influencing thought seemed to occupy her mind and control her inclination, and looking almost piteously at Lollie, she slowly shook her head negatively.

"I cannot," she murmured.

Lollie stamped her foot angrily.

"Then I won't go—there," she responded, vehemently; "and how I have looked forward to this little bit of pleasure—how I have prayed for a fine day too! But I won't go—I'll stick in here. I'll cry my eyes out all day long, and—and, I ain't sure but I'll throw myself out of mother's back attic window into the yard. Oh, I say, Lyddy dear, don't be so stuck-up and obstinate. Do dress yourself—do go—don't break my heart, Lyddy, dear—don't—don't, I pray you!"

She threw her arms about Lydia's neck and sobbed outright. Lydia mingled her tears with hers, but after all, Lollie's sobbings had the desired effect, for bit by bit she suffered her resolution to be combatted and defeated. Then Lollie set to work the instant she had permission to do so, and dressed her friend with more care than she had dressed herself—dressed her as if she had been her doll—and clapped her hands with unfeigned delight when she had "finished her off."

And she repaid all this labor of love, for she not only looked the Queen of the Workroom, but the Queen of Beauty herself.

So they set out together.

CHAPTER X.

SUMMONING UP THE DEAD.

On the very same day, and about the same time they proceeded to make their way to the steamer, a nobleman reclined upon a couch in a small but elegantly-furnished boudoir in a palatial residence adjoining Hyde Park.

It was the Marquis of St. Leonards.

He looked very much as if he was sufficiently tired to seek repose, instead of having just left his bed. A table laid for breakfast was near to him, and he sipped now and then from a cup of chocolate which he held in one hand, while he perused with an air of indifference a note which he held in the other.

Presently he tossed the note aside, and rising up, paced the room with a thoughtful air, muttering to himself as he moved to and fro.

Twice or thrice he glanced round the apartment, to assure himself that he was alone, and, apparently satisfied that no one was near, he opened a writing-desk, and from a secret drawer drew forth an exquisitely-painted miniature of a young and beautiful woman. He looked for some time

at it anxiously, scrutinizingly, and with knitted brows.

"It was never a startling resemblance, but it was sufficiently like her," he muttered, after a somewhat long silence. "It is very strange that the woman who is so very like this should cross my path every now and then, no matter whither I go, and has for the past two months, without my being able to learn anything about her. When her age was the same as—as—this woman's—this scoursed wanton—she must have been like enough to be her twin sister. Last night, though she crossed me but for an instant, I knew the face. It seemed to appear as if in a lightning flash, and I felt as if a bullet had been sent through my heart. I could have sworn it was Etheline herself, living, moving, breathing."

He removed some beads of cold perspiration from his brow, and then murmured, as he returned the miniature to the secret drawer again—

"This is folly—madness! Was she not drowned in the Earl's Pool on that horrible night? Was not her body sworn to by Lister and—and by Marchmont? Ah, I breathe again! That iron-hearted woman, Marchmont, for her sister's sake, hated her with a too deadly animosity to have connived at any trick which might have served her. Still, she is so like—God! so very like! I do not believe in the rubbish of appearances after death, yet— Every one receives her, but no one seems to know her. Let me see what I have down about her."

He took from a pocket in the breast of his morning coat a pocket-book, and from that a small case of ivory tablets, and read, audibly—

"'Mrs. Grenville Somerset, widow, from the Italian States—Venice or Rome, I suppose—immensely rich—credentials high and quite *en règle*.'"

He shut them up and restored them whence he took them, and added—

"That description does not satisfy me. I must know more about her."

He started as if detected in the commission of some nefarious act, for he beheld his silent-footed valet standing by the table, looking up furtively at him with dark eyes which seemed to have the bloom of the damson upon them. How long he had been there, and whether he had been watching, the marquis could not guess, but he demanded, fiercely, why he had intruded upon him.

"If you please, my lord, I knocked at the door rather loudly before entering, and I addressed your lordship—"

"What do you want?" he interposed, abruptly.

"If you please, my lord, there is Lord Ailsa Lovat in the blue reception-room. His lordship requests you to spare him a few minutes.

"I will join him immediately."

"If you please, my lord, there are also Mr. Mat Dowson, the trainer, and Mr. Nat Robinson, the jockey, who desire to see your lordship."

"Let them wait," responded the marquis, hastily, "and, upon second thoughts, send Lord Ailsa to me here."

The man bowed and retired, and almost immediately after returned, ushering in a tall, elegant-looking young man, with hair the color of red sand.

"Won't keep you two minutes, St. Leonard," he exclaimed, as the marquis shook him by the hand. "Are you engaged positively for to-day?"

The marquis consulted a book containing a list of engagements, and presently replied—

"I have promised Stradbrooke to join him on board his yacht at the Royal Thames match to-day, and I rather thought of going."

"The very thing," rejoined Lord Ailsa, rubbing his hands, "except that Londesberry intends bringing out his two-hundred ton schooner to-day to accompany the match. Stradbrooke will join us on board, that I am sure."

"I am your man, Lovat," replied the marquis. "How do you go?"

"We go on board at Gravesend," he answered. "A train from London-bridge will land us there in good time."

"Do you wish me to accompany you now?" inquired the marquis, looking at his watch. "The interval does not appear to be very great between this and the time we ought to be on board."

"We can do it easily," returned Lord Lovat, quickly. "I must, however, join you on board. I am on duty for a short time, do you know? A near relative—a general officer, who is home from India on leave—has just arrived, and I am told off to do the affable to him."

"Is he a Tippoo Sultaun?" asked the marquis, with a sneering smile.

"Something of that sort," responded Lord Ailsa, showing his white teeth. "He has made mountains of treasure, I am told, in the way of prize money. A ship will hardly hold the lacs of rupees he can write cheques for, and he has got a shocking liver."

"Not married, of course?" suggested the marquis.

"Oh, no," returned his lordship, again smiling suggestively. "No heirs, you know, to step between me and the lacs. I must make myself deuced agreeable to him, and when he retires into the land where the good niggers sing praises all day long, and have no further use for rupees, I shall come into possession of his California."

"Ah," ejaculated the marquis, with a significant nod, "you will teach the fraternity how to make and keep up a racing stud."

"I will," rejoined his youthful lordship, with a stare into vacancy. "It shall be the wonder and the envy of the world."

The marquis laughed, stretched his arms, and yawned.

"How is your relation styled?" he asked, listlessly. "He may be taught to plunge a little, you know."

"A—ha! ha!—not under my tutelage, St. Leonards," he rejoined, winking his eyes expressively. "He is known at the Horse Guards as General Hope Glendale, of the 60th Rifles."

The marquis shook his head.

"Never heard of him," he remarked, carelessly. "Been long in India?"

"Some sixteen years or thereabouts," replied Lord Ailsa, looking at his watch. "He has taken up the name of Glendale, in obedience to the will of his mother's brother, who left him a handsome legacy to do it. I daresay you never heard of him, yet in India he has made himself a rare name for fighting the hill tribes. Always volunteering for active service, he has been in the most desperate undertakings, but seems to have borne a charmed life. By the way, his patronymic is Dysart. You must remember the Dysarts. His Christian name is Cleveland, and he was known in India as Fighting Cleve Dysart."

The Marquis of St. Leonard's did not utter an exclamation, nor did he start, but he closed his eyes, and looked as if he had been frozen rigid.

Cleveland Dysart! After all, then, he was not dead. He had not shot him through the heart—killed—murdered him, as he had so long believed, with a mixture of torturing dread of the life to come and a grim satisfaction of revenge. Not dead! Living, once more to cross his path—to meet him again face to face!

"I am due now with Glendale," resumed Lord Ailsa, abruptly, again consulting his watch. "What do you say? Shall I persuade him to join us on board Londesberry's schooner?"

"Not for worlds!" was on the lips of the marquis, yet he did not utter a word—could not had his life rested on the articulation of a single note.

He could not breathe, see, think, but found himself alone when he had in some degree recovered his self-control, without recollecting how or on what terms Lord Lovat had taken his departure.

Cleveland Dysart living, back again in England, an officer of high rank and immense wealth! What news! Nothing since the night of the duel, and the subsequent discovery of Lady Hastingleigh's body in the Earl's Pool, dead, drowned, had in any way affected him like this. Nothing could.

It brought back to him the scenes of his past life, insomuch as it was connected with Lady Hastingleigh. He remembered his first interview with her, and the love her beauty instantly created. He remembered her shrinking from him, her coldness, which he attributed to educated haughtiness and a forced sense of maidenly propriety. He recalled the hours when he had in a reasonable degree been happy with her, and when he had attributed her coldness and her but too often clouded brow to a naturally frigid nature. He remembered that; but most of all now he remembered overhearing what had passed between her and this same Cleveland Dysart, in which he discovered the secret cause of her icyness to him. Once more it set his system all aflame.

With the supposed death of Dysart and of his wife, and the wicked, heartless discarding of his only child, his revenge seemed to have been appeased. At times inconvenient memories, the sudden appearance at a comparative recent date of a lady resembling his wife, roused up latent emotions, and made him rage like a tiger; but they were mere paroxysms, and were soon dismissed by plunging into a vortex of gambling and dissipation, and the self-assurance that at least he had glutted his desire for vengeance. Now the complexion of these remembrances was utterly changed.

Dysart lived, and for all he knew he might have been duped with respect to the body found near the Stepping Stones being really that of Lady Hastingleigh.

He had depended on Anne Marchmont's assertion, and upon Lister's, too. They were, however, lovers engaged to be married, and might have been in collusion. Lady Hastingleigh might not, after all, be dead, and the woman he had seen who so closely resembled her, flitting about him almost everywhere he went, might even be his wife—alive, too.

He flung himself upon a couch, and tightened his hands in his hair, while he gave himself up to maddened reflections.

It was a wonderful kind of story he had now to create from a single fact, even as a renowned naturalist constructed the anatomy of a lost species from a single bone. He at once concluded that Lady Hastingleigh had fled to India with the villain Dysart. But who had been drowned and buried in her stead? Who? Who? to be so like as to be recognized as her, and to be interred for her, without a question or demur from any one of the servants or tenants, who had gazed on the dead fair face as it lay in its cerements awaiting burial.

Anne Marchmont could answer this question—Anne, only Anne, or her husband, and they—where were they? They had gone abroad, and received the annuity through his solicitors, who merely paid it to the credit of an agent in the United States. Still, there might be some clue to the address of Anne Marchmont obtainable through his solicitors, and he resolved to grasp it if possible, and set at rest the horrible doubt respecting Lady Hastingleigh which had now taken possession of his mind.

He sprang to his feet. His revenge had been, after all, cheated, instead of being sated, glutted—he had been tricked, hamboozled, made a fool of. He gnashed his teeth, clenched his hands, and muttered oath upon oath.

"At least, *he* is here, and within my reach," he exclaimed, hoarsely. "I will see him—face him—throttle him if I have but half a chance. Not that I will do anything rashly or prematurely this time; but I will make no second mistake in securing to the full, retribution for my wholly undeserved dishonor."

He determined at once to proceed to his solicitors on foot and as quietly as he could, as though he was under the apprehension of being watched, although that fear upon the face of affairs was perfectly groundless.

He even avoided the great thoroughfares, and went down some byways, to avoid meeting any one or being seen at all, if it could be managed, influenced solely by the suspicion that haunts the guilty mind, for there was bloodshed in his thoughts, and a design to accomplish it without permitting it to be known that he was the perpetrator, except to the victim of his unappeasable hate.

As if to justify his mistrust of being able to visit his man of business unobserved by those whose attention he had no desire to attract, he, to his amazement, as he turned into a narrow street, felt himself touched upon his shoulder by some one in his rear.

He turned as if he fancied the paw of a tiger had been laid upon him, and beheld a bowed, thin, crimson pimple-faced man standing before him, folding one hand rapidly over another in an abject, cringing attitude.

The Marquis of St. Leonards erected his head, and looked as if he would frown him into dust. He waited to be spoken to, imagining himself unknown, and that the interruption was a mere appeal for alms.

He was quickly undeceived.

The stranger, screwing up his eyes, and smiling in a horribly ludicrous kind of way, exclaimed, in a hoarse undertone—

"Beg your pardon, my Lord Marquis St. Leonards—I humbly and meekly beg your pardon—but will your lordship condescend to interchange a word or two with me?"

The marquis looked sharply at him from head to foot, but failed to recognize, in the deplorable, tattered, shattered wreck before him, any one whom he had previously known.

"You know me, it seems," he remarked, with hauteur, after his examination of the man. "I do not remember you."

"I am changed," returned the man, with trembling lips; "very much changed—so that my oldest friends fail to recognize me, especially now that I am a starving beggar; but your lordship has changed but little since you were a boy. Grand people, with great riches and every comfort, do not change their outward appearance much—they have no worry. Yet your lordship has had trouble, and I know it."

"What is your name, man?" demanded the marquis, hastily and sternly, as the last words reached his ear.

The man looked steadfastly at him, scrutinizing his features eagerly, as if endeavoring to draw from their expression a forecast of what would be the result of his answer.

Then he said, in a low, sibilant, but significant tone, as if he knew his reply would be pregnant with many bitter recollections.

"My name is Lister. I am what is left—all that is left—of your old valet, Lister."

An exclamation this time broke from the lips of the marquis, and he caught him tightly by the wrist.

"Are you—are you actually my man Lister?" he gasped, as if scarcely able to articulate the words; "the man who married Anne Marchmont?"

"The same, my lord! I am that man," he returned, quickly.

"Your wife—the woman Marchmont," he demanded, hurriedly; "where is she? I want to see her—I must see her?"

"Gently, my lord marquis," rejoined the man, drawing a deep breath, for he felt himself on firmer ground than he had done at first. "That question involves many considerations—your lordship will guess a few without assistance—and this is not quite the place to answer them."

"Your wife is living!" pursued his lordship, as if he scarcely heeded his intimation.

"Oh, yes," he returned, with a peculiar shake of the head, a grating of his teeth, and the closing of his hands tightly; "oh, yes, she is alive, and will keep alive, I pray the Lord, until I have done with her."

"Is she still in America?" asked his lordship, impatiently. "No; of course she has returned here with you."

"She is here, my lord; but it is not of course that she returned with me," he answered, with a grin. "No, no; she would have come back alone, but for the companionship of a lovely, blooming young creature, whom she took away with her a child—a fair, beauteous child, my lord—your lordship does not forget that."

"Where is she?" interrogated the marquis, with a sudden display of fierceness.

"Who? The child—the beautiful, graceful, queenly young girl?" he asked.

"No!" thundered the marquis, with a passionate gesture of the hand; "the woman Marchmont, fellow. Tell me where is she to be found."

Lister shrugged his shoulders.

"I am starving, my lord!" he exclaimed, with a peculiar whine. "A bit of dirty bread thrown to a dog who turned his nose up at it yesterday morning, is the last meal I have tasted. The intelligence you require is worth something. Cross my hand with a bit of gold, my lord, as the gypsies say, and you shall learn, not only that one—two lives are good, but there is a *third*—"

The marquis clapped his hand to his forehead, as if smitten by an acute pain in the brain; but quickly recovering himself, he ejaculated—

"By heaven, I thought so!"

With trembling fingers he brought forth a pocket-book, from whence hurriedly he took a five-pound note and flung it to Lister. It fell upon the pavement at the man's feet. He, however, caught it up like lightning, crammed it into his pocket, and putting his red, blotched face close to that of the marquis, he grated, gutturally—

"My lord, there is a great deal that it is important you should know; but not now—not here. Your lordship shall hear from me."

He turned as he uttered the last word, and with a sudden speed he seemed to be wholly incapable of, he ran from the spot, leaving the marquis standing alone and bewildered.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Cost of Conquest.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A NEW LIFE.

God made the country, and man made the town,
What wonder, then, that health and virtue—gifts
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all—should most abound
And least be threatened in the fields and groves?
—*Cowper.*

Mrs. Mayhew, of Clyro Farm, was in a tremendous bustle, and when Mrs. Mayhew was in a bustle everybody had to look out. Her house had to be cleaned from top to bottom, and when that was afoot she was rather like Mrs. Gargery in Dickens's inimitable "Great Expectations."

Her temper was rather inclined to be very short on these occasions, and, like the immortal Mrs. G., of apron renown, she cooked no regular meals, and allowed "no formal stuffin's and bustin's" to the hungry folk who looked to her for the arranging, at least of their daily food. Great hunks of bread and butter were thrust into the children's hands, and the front door was a barrier they dared not pass, till the sound of the mop and pail and the clicking of pattens had ceased.

They dined *al fresco*, and enjoyed themselves mightily, for they were free to make endless batches of mud pies, and to have countless rides on the blind old horse, who passed his existence in the eternal round of the cider mill—in fact, to get into any mischief their fertile brains could devise.

Of course, there came a reckoning at night, when they went in with their clothes all plastered with mud, and many a tatter, telling of trees climbed and gates triumphantly ridden, and there was apt to be a little difficulty in sitting down after an encounter with "mother," who rather resembled an infuriated sheep on these trying occasions; but then the smart was short and the pleasure long, and the young Pickles of the Mayhew brood were not much harmed, or benefitted either, by the discipline so rigidly enforced.

On these grand occasions the men were relegated to the back kitchen, to eat bread and cold bacon on their knees, as they sat on Mrs. Mayhew's long washing-stool, while she and her buxom maid helped themselves to slices as they wanted them from the open cupboard; and mugs of home-brewed from the big barrel in the corner of the washhouse. As for Mr. Mayhew, he generally found business at Hay or Brecon—nay, had even been known to go as far as Hereford on the occasion of a grand "clean," and Mrs. Mayhew was by no means sorry to have him out of the way.

"She didn't want a man messing round," she declared, and would forgive her liege lord if he came home slightly the worse for strong cider and public-house ale on these occasions.

The meaning of all this route on this particular June day was, that Mrs. Mayhew was going to receive some fresh inmates into her house. Clyro Court Farm had a large house attached to it, several rooms of which had been given over hitherto to onions, apples, cheeses, and the hundred-and-one things that have to be stowed away in a farm-house. The children had the run of the upper rooms; mice scampered in legions behind the old panelling of the walls—and many a broken window testified to romps, and balls, and sticks, and all the merry saturnalia that healthy, hearty children loved to hold.

Coming home from market some three weeks before, Mr. Mayhew had brought in a daily paper. London papers were rare things at Clyro, and he spelled through it with some difficulty, pausing in simple amazement at the stupendous descriptions of the doings of the unknown world of London.

"Eh, listen to this, wife," he said at length, looking up from the countless advertisements he had been spelling through.

"Listen to what?"

Mrs. Mayhew was very sleepy, and had opined several times that it was bed-time, and quite time the candles were put on.

"This advertisement. There's a chance for thee to let those rooms; thou'st worried thyself often enough about their lying empty on thy hands."

"I'm none for letting them," she replied, rather crossly, smoothing down her black dress as she spoke with a significant gesture.

She had put on mourning for her lost brother. That he was dead there could be no doubt now, and his goods and chattels were stowed away in those unused rooms. She had intended furnishing one of them up for him, making a little place that would be always home whenever he liked to come to it, and now he was gone—she would never see him more—and the disappointment and the sorrow had soured her whenever she thought of putting the overplus space in her house to any use.

"I'm none for letting," she replied. "I'm sick at the sight of the place; and, besides, it's full of things, and the little 'uns like it in wet weather."

"The little 'uns can do with the barn," her husband replied. "Look here, wife, I think we might answer this. If we got these people we should be able to meet the rent better; it's been main hard work these two years."

How hard perhaps even his wife did not know.

"Well, what is it?" she asked, in no very gracious tone, and he read her the advertisement.

It set forth that a widow lady and two daughters wished furnished apartments in a quiet farm-house, no matter how far from London. They would require little attendance, and the terms offered would be paid by a well-known firm of lawyers monthly.

The remuneration offered was very small—only fourteen shillings per week, but, regularly received, it would prove a very considerable item in their rent, and Mrs. Mayhew opened her eyes and made a mental calculation of the amount.

"Two pounds sixteen shillings in the month," she said, "thirty-six pounds in the year. It would be something towards the rent and taxes; but how can we furnish them? And maybe they wont come after all."

"There's plenty of furniture and linen in the place. I'll answer the advertisement to-morrow."

And by one of the odd chances that sometimes happen, Mr. Mayhew's house was selected out of some half-hundred others to receive the widow lady and her children.

It was getting ready for them that put the worthy woman into such a fuss on this particular evening. They were expected the next day, and a cleaner, pleasanter new home for any one could not be found in all Wales, or England either, for that matter. Mrs. Mayhew had bought a little furniture, and furbished up a good deal more, so that the light, airy rooms set in order for the strangers looked as fresh and pure as the bright landscape outside.

Clyro is essentially a lovely place, with the winding, rippling Wye running right through it, close to the doors of some of its cottages, and the pretty Radnorshire hills shutting out the bleak north and east winds, and making veritable fairy bowers of some of its flower-scented nooks. It is only a village—a very small one. A little cluster of farms and houses under the shadow of the house of the district—the great Clyro Court itself, where the Brookvilles have lived from time immemorial.

It boasts a church, with the prettiest peal of bells in all the countryside, and many a traveller from lands afar has stopped of a summer's evening to listen to the low, sweet chime, and wonder where the soft, melodious music came from.

The bells were chiming their sweetest when the strangers who were to occupy Mrs. Mayhew's rooms were driven through the village in a hired fly. It is a longish journey to Clyro from London. It seems like going to the very uttermost parts of the earth, for in the time of our story the rail only reached that most old-fashioned and out-of-the-world place, Hereford, and from thence to the quaint little town of Hay the journey must be made by coach.

Clyro is still a mile and a half away, and there is no public conveyance thereto, so that, although the travellers left London quite early in the morning, it was half-past eight on this sweet summer evening before they began to pass the first straggling houses of the little village. They all looked tired; but the youngest of the trio looked about her with some degree of interest and curiosity.

"What a lovely place, mamma," she cried. "Oh, do look at those lovely cottages all among the trees."

"Do be quiet, Mary," was the elder lady's reply, "and don't bounce about so. You'll shake this rickety old trap all to pieces. Pretty! I can see nothing pretty. The place looks wretchedly damp and unhealthy. If we are going to be mewed up in any of those dreadful holes it won't be long I shall trouble any one."

"Oh, mamma, don't say that. We're all tired and miserable now; but if this lovely weather only keeps up, we shall feel like new creatures in a day or two—see if we don't."

"There you go again, Mary! Lovely weather! I'm sure I've been nearly fainting with the heat all day, and you call that 'lovely.' You're the most unfeeling girl I ever saw."

Mary turned her head with the faintest possible shrug of her shoulders, and addressed her sister—

"Ar'n't those bells sweet, Ida?"

"I'm of mamma's opinion," replied that young lady, "that the whole place is detestable. Save your raptures, Mary, for the country bumpkins you'll scrape acquaintance with. Your tastes will be well suited here."

Mary said no more, but the tears stood in her honest gray eyes, and presently the carriage turned in at the gate of the Court Farm.

Mrs. Mayhew had only just learned the names of her guests. A letter, that evening received, containing a month's remittance of the rent of their apartments, told her that they were the widow and daughters of the Mr. Underwood whose miserable end had made such a convulsion in the commercial world, and something in the tone of the letter conveyed to her, she hardly knew why or how, that they were dependent upon their friends for the means of living. It was evident they were for the shelter provided for them here, for Mr. and Mrs. Mayhew were directed to apply always on a certain day at a given address for their money.

The good woman was right. The Misses Underwood were living on the charity of their friends—reduced to the direst poverty. The helpless, mindless woman had so worried those who had any acquaintance with her, that a few of those who had once respected her husband made up a small annual sum for herself and her daughters, and settled it on them, on condition that they left London and took up their abode at a distance from all who had known them previously. Mrs. Underwood grumbled—people who live on charity generally do—but it was that or nothing, and she had already tasted the pangs of poverty very keenly.

To do Ida justice, she had tried, in a desultory, shiftless sort of way, to get work; but as her ideas were confined to getting into a ducal family as governess, or giving lessons to the children of the nobility in music and singing, her attempts were humiliating failures. She turned up her nose at tradespeople, and burst into indignant tears when the family grocer, with a villa at Wandsworth, and half a dozen thriving shops here and there about London, offered to do his best to set her up in a school.

"You shall have half a dozen of mine, miss," he said (he wasn't a very refined man, having risen from a dealer in matches by his own pluck and industry to his present position.) "I'll give you a pound a week if you'll take 'em in a heap, and get you as many more, only you'll have to come out there to live, you know. The young 'uns couldn't come as far as this to school, could they?"

Ida had cried at what she called the degradation of the proposition, and Mrs. Underwood had fainted away and had various hysterical fits over it, and Mr. Emden's proposal had been haughtily declined with very scant thanks, making him swear that he would never try to do a good-natured thing again—never.

Poor Mary pleaded in vain with many a tear to be allowed to take what Ida had so ungraciously refused. She was told she was a fool, as usual—that assertion was nothing new—that she cared nothing for the dignity of the family—heaven save the mark!—and all the other agreeable vituperation that was usually hurled at her devoted head when her mother and Ida were put out. She tried, in secret, poor girl, to get anything that might help to keep them; but what can a woman, unaided and alone, and ignorant of the world and its ways, do when every door seems shut against her, and there seems neither help nor sympathy in any human heart?

Mary was not clever as Ida was, but she was loving and willing, and she found enough to do, poor girl, in working for her mother and sister, making, mending, and keeping their dismal rooms in something like order. It was due to her busy fingers that their dresses, the only remnant of their respectability, kept their freshness. She stitched unremittingly at their clothes when she found she could get no employment out of doors, and kept their wardrobes in a neat order that made even her languid, useless mother approve sometimes.

To her, the change to this fresh country air seemed to bring a promise of new life. She was a very different creature from the fresh, healthy-looking girl who had greeted Katherine Branscombe so kindly—privation, and close, ill-ventilated rooms had taken away all her color, and damped her brave spirits. Mrs. Mayhew's heart went out to her from the first.

"It was easy to see she was put upon, poor dear," she said to her husband, when she had settled their new lodgers into their rooms.

"And what dost think of them, wife?" he asked. "Will it suit?"

"I'll make it suit," she replied; "but I sha'n't like the old lady. She's a fine, finnicking, helpless sort of body, as never did a hand's turn in her life, I'll be bound. 'It's all very nice, my good, woman," she says to me, 'and all very clean, I daresay; but it's not what I've been accustomed to, you see,' and then she began to cry, and the youngest one of the girls give her a smelling-bottle, and apologized to me. 'Mamma's very tired,' says she; 'she'll be able to talk to you to-morrow, Mrs. Mayhew.' She's a nice, pleasant girl, she is."

"What's the other one like?"

"Oh, like her mother," and Mrs. Mayhew's tone spoke volumes; "just as proud, and white-handed, and useless. I don't suppose she ever mended a stocking or cooked a dinner in her life."

The worthy woman was not far out in her fancy. Ida never had done anything in her useless life; and as the days wore on, and she grew more used to having her lodgers in the house, her contempt for the two elder ladies grew greater that ever. They did not give very much trouble, but she guessed rightly that Mary stood between her and the whims of the other two, and she soon learned to love the bright, cheerful, despised daughter of the ill-used Mrs. Underwood.

As to Mary herself, she liked Mrs. Mayhew and her lord and master very much, and took kindly to the boys and their shy-eyed, unsophisticated little sister, and soon knew every nook and corner of the farm as well as they did. Her mother and sister groaned in horror over her expeditions to the cow-houses, and hay-fields, over her searches in unexpected places for eggs, and her rides in the hay-carts.

"But what could they expect?" they asked each other, with uplifted hands and eyes. "Mary was so low in her tastes. Ah, she was an Underwood all over—nothing of her mother's family about her."

CHAPTER XXXII.

BY POST.

Messengers of grief,
Perhaps, to thousands, and of joy to some,
To him indifferent whether grief or joy.
—*Cowper.*

Whatever the source of her lodgers' income, Mrs. Mayhew soon found it was very small. They had to practise the strictest economy to be able to live without getting into her debt. Not that Mrs. Underwood would have had any scruples on that score, but the shrewd, far-seeing farmer's wife would not allow it. She would wait for the money in the most uncompromising manner when told to procure anything, and gave the widow to understand in plain terms that she would have no bills run in her house. Faintings and hysterics had no effect upon her, and Mrs. Underwood indulged in them almost daily, declared she should die, and bewailed her hard fate in being forced to live in the house with such a dreadful woman.

There was no help for it, and no other place to go to. Their friends were so weary of their helplessness and their airs, that no further help would come if they left Clyro. Had Mrs. Underwood have been aware of Katherine's fortunate settlement in life, she whould have pestered Mr. Hastings with complaints, and tormented her husband's niece with querulous importunities for assistance. Luckily, she had no idea of any thing beyond the fact, that Katherine was an authoress, and had married somebody.

"A low lot she must have got among," she said, when she heard of her coming before the world in the pages of the Strand. "These literary people are all a beggarly out-at-elbows set. I wash my hands of her."

Which, considering she had never had anything to do with Katherine, or helped her to the earning of one single farthing, was very noble and praiseworthy on her part, no doubt.

Mary began to be very happy at the farm. She was so used to her mother's sneers and Ida's ladylike spite that she did not fret over them, and simply got out of their way when not actually wanted by them. She knew every nook of the old house, and was always a welcome guest in the quaint little room Mrs. Mayhew occupied herself.

She quite admired the staring tea-tray and the coach and horses in a bottle which adorned the mantelpiece, and she thought the funny hearthrug, made of shreds of Mr. Mayhew's old coats, quite a work of art. She was learning something, too, of her hostess—something which even she, stupid as she was told she was, might turn to account some day.

Mrs. Mayhew knew how to mend lace—a lady's-maid had taught her—and she was teaching Mary, so that the girl spent many a pleasant hour with her.

"Whose portraits are those?" she asked, one night, *apropos* of the painted picture and the *silhouette*. "The same person?"

"Yes, miss, though you wouldn't think it," Mrs. Mayhew replied. "It's my brother, poor Sam. He's gone—we shall never see him more in this world."

"Is it for him you are in mourning? Oh, I beg your pardon—I didn't know."

"No offence, miss, I'm sure. I rather like talking about him now. It was very bitter to bear at first," she answered.

"He was a soldier, I see,"

"Yes, sure, miss," she replied, taking down the quaint-looking black likeness, and dusting it tenderly; "a soldier for many a year."

"And a fine one too, I am sure."

"Well, I can't say for that," she answered, with a comical look at the hobbledehoy in the smock-frock. "That was more like him when he went away, and he wasn't a fine man then. I hav'n't seen him since. He sent this other one home from India."

"India!"

"Yes, miss; he was out there fourteen years and better."

"I have, or had, some relations in India—at Allahabad."

"It was from Allahabad that picture came. He was very happy there—poor Sam!"

"And did he die there?"

"No, miss—that's the strangest part of it. He came safe to England, and then he disappeared."

"Disappeared!"

"Yes."

"Oh, do tell me about it—that is, if you don't mind. How very strange!"

"Yes, it was strange—the strangest thing I ever come anigh," Mr. Mayhew said. "He came to England, and went straight to his master's house, and was never heard on after. My wife there thinks he was murdered, though what call a gentleman had to murder a poor chap as had served him faithful out in India, and followed him home to serve him again here, is more than I can tell."

Mary's eyes evinced such interest that Mrs. Mayhew told her the whole story, suppressing only the names of places and persons.

"It'll come to light some day," she said solemly. "Heaven'll never be so hard on poor folks who have done no particular harm in the world, as to keep it hid from us. It's my belief as Mr. Reynell knows."

"Mr. who?"

Mr. Reynell, miss."

"Was he his servant?"

"So he wrote us word from India. He saw his master on board the ship to come away, and then he fell down something and broke his leg, and had to be left behind. When he came home he went straight to Boscobel Abbey, and not a living soul has seen him since. I went there myself to see after him, but no one had seen him but a foreign man as had been took in his place. Everybody was very good to me; but the place seemed to me as though my brother as I'd been longing so to see, were hid away somewhere among the old stones and cellars, and it seemed to choke me. I got his things and brought them home, and that's all, Miss Mary. Not a syllabel has been heard about him from that day to this."

"Philip Reynell is a bad man—a villain—I'm sure of it!" Mary said, vehemently. "I think he would be capable of murdering any one who stood between him and his ends, whatever they were. I shouldn't be surprised to hear anything of him."

"Lor, miss, do you know him?" asked Mrs. Mahew, aghast at the girl's outburst. "Did you ever see him?"

"No, and I don't want to. All that I know of him is that he shamefully treated a cousin of mine—Miss Branscombe. He was to have married her, and she came all the way from India, poor dear, to be his wife, and found him married to another woman—an heiress—the wretch!"

"Miss Branscombe!" said Mrs. Mayhew, thoughtfully. "I remember! Sam told me in one of his letters. His colonel's daughter she was he said, and a very beautiful girl."

"She's lovely!" Mary said, emphatically. "I only saw her once, and then she had been very ill; but it's a sweet, loving face. Ah, if I were my own mistress, how I should like to know her!"

"It's a pity you ain't, my dear. What's become of her?"

"Oh, she's married to a Mr. Hastings. I don't know where they live; but I fancy this Mr. Reynell's behavior was a sad blow to her. You saw him you say?"

"Yes, miss, I saw Mr. Reynell."

"And what is he like?"

"A handsome man, miss, but with a down look in his eyes. He was very kind to me about poor Sam; but I felt afraid of him somehow."

"I should like to see him," Mary said. "Do you know, from what my cousin said, there was some mystery about it? My poor father used to have letters from my uncle in India, and he always spoke of him as something very near perfection. He was never tired of praising his son that was to be."

"I can show you a likeness of Mr. Reynell as was took in India, miss. There is one among poor Sam's things."

"Is there? I should so like to see it."

"Sam set great store by it, by the way he'd wrapped it up," the farmer's wife said, unlocking an old-fashioned bureau, and producing a packet. "Here it is, and all his letters. Maybe you'd like to see some of 'em, miss. Sam was a rare hand at a letter lately, though goodness knows he wasn't much of a scholar when he went away."

Mary took the little packet, and regarded it with interest. Some of the letters were faded and yellow with years of keeping; others were fresher and much better written. Sam Edwards had owed a great deal of his schooling to the kindly interest his young master had taken in his welfare, and had made rapid strides in his penmanship during the time he had been Philip Reynell's servant.

Mary laid aside the letters till she looked at the portrait. There it was, a *cigarette* carte de visite, standing out from the cardboard with almost lifelike effect. It was difficult to imagine the owner of those features either heartless or deceitful. There were the honest-looking eyes, fringed with long lashes, the broad, intellectual forehead, and the well-formed mouth and chin of a thoroughly good face. The lips were full and well-formed, and the nose straight—by no means a perfectly handsome face, according to the rules of beauty, but honest and hearty-looking—the face of a man whose hand you could grasp with all the faith of friendship, and pledge your life, if need be, on his honor. The hair lay lightly on the forehead in careless curls, and there was something in the turn of the head that suggested its having been flung back by a toss; the lips were just parting into a smile, as though some bright thought were making its way through them.

"What a nice-looking fellow!" was Mary's exclamation. "And you saw him, you say, Mrs. Mayhew?"

"Yes, I saw Mr. Reynell, miss," Mrs. Mayhew replied dryly, with a curious look upon her face.

"And is this like him?"

"Yes, miss, it's like. Mr. Reynell is hardly so pleasant-looking as that. Would you like to see the letters, miss?"

Mrs. Mayhew seemed strangely averse to talk of Mr. Philip Reynell. The master of Boscobel had not found favor in her eyes.

Mary wondered a little; but she took the letters and read them with interest, in hopes of finding something that might give the clue to the strange conduct of

Katherine's faithless lover. They were simple records of his life in India—kindly mention of the master whom he evidently loved, plenty of allusions to his coming marriage, and the last one or two, written from the Bombay hospital, where he lay waiting to follow his master.

"And there the story ends, miss," the farmer's wife said. "Mr. Reynell left Bombay Miss Branscombe's lover, expecting to be her husband, and came to England a heartless, faithless man, to marry the first heiress he met for the sake of her money."

"It is strange. I wonder if Katherine knows anything about it. I don't fancy she does."

"I don't suppose any one will ever know the rights of it, Miss Mary; but I hope I shall never see Mr. Reynell again, that's all."

Mary pondered a little over Mrs. Mayhew's strange antipathy, and at last she asked, bluntly—

"Do you think he murdered your brother?"

"I think, miss, that whenever the mystery is solved, my brother will be heard of at Boscobel. I think he is dead and buried there, though my old man thinks I've a craze about it; but I feel sure that that old place hides all I shall ever find of my poor brother. Time will show; but it is hard not to know what has become of him."

"And is Boscobel such a beautiful place?"

"Lovely! It isn't above twenty miles from here—hardly that, I think; but, for all its beauty, it seems to me a huge grave!"

Mary wondered over the story she had heard—it seemed so wonderful in these matter-of-fact days; but, think as she would, she could come to no conclusion but that the bright, happy, manly face was a living lie, and the honest, truthful look in the eyes a delusion and a snare. Somehow, her last waking thoughts that night were of her cousin Kate, and a wish to know her better was uppermost in her mind as she dropped off into the land of dreams.

Our wishes are oddly fulfilled sometimes. The postman made his appearance the next morning at the farm. His advent was an event. Letters to the Mayhews were of rare occurrence. They had no correspondents. A bill now and then, or a circular, were the only communications they received from the outer world. A letter was almost alarming. Mrs. Underwood and her girls received a few now and then, but not enough to make the sight of the limping old man in a blue coat and brass buttons, who took the queen's pay for the delivery of letters at all sorts of wrong times, and in the most inexplicably wrong places, by any means a familiar thing.

"'Miss Mary Underwood, at Mr. Mayhew's, Clyro Court Farm, Radnorshire,'" he spelled out slowly, and Mrs. Mayhew held out her hand with impatience.

"Yes, yes, it's all right, Davie. Give them to me—I'll take them to Miss Mary."

"Only one; here's one for you."

"For me?"

"Yes, Mistress Mayhew, and—"

"Oh, give it to me," said the good woman, impatiently, "and go round to the kitchen, Davie, and get a mug of cider or buttermilk, whichever you like best—the girls are churning."

Davie went his way, and Mary came down and took her letter from Mrs. Mayhew's hand.

"Warwick!" she said, looking at the postmark. "Who do I know there, I wonder?"

Mrs. Underwood was not up. She said the morning air was so fatiguing, and Ida followed her example, so Mary usually got her breakfast by herself, and had a quiet hour over a book, or a pleasant one out of doors, before her mother and sister came down. With a curious feeling of wonder at the strange handwriting, she opened the letter, and saw, to her unbounded astonishment, the name of her cousin Katherine. Feeling rather glad that she was alone and safe from any harsh remarks, she read the letter—

"Haberdon House, near Warwick,
June 18, 18—.

"My Dear Cousin Mary:—I have to-day for the first time found out where you are, and hasten to write to you. Perhaps you will hardly care to hear from me—perhaps not even remember me, for we only met once; but I have never forgotten your kind face and warm, cordial greeting. If you have heard nothing of me since, you will, I am sure, be glad to hear I am married—to say happily seems too trite and conventional a word to express what my peaceful, joyous life is.

"My husband is— But, there, you will soon see him for yourself I hope, and I will not rhapsodize on paper, though I might, for never was husband more worthy of a wife's praise. We are well-to-do. Mr. Hastings is wealthy, and I—well, I am 'Simla.' Have any of my books found their way to you? I am a successful authoress, Mary—more by chance and the taste of the public than by merit—and I should like you to share my prosperity with me. Have you or my husband, I am quite alone in the world. I want a female friend, a companion, for Mr. Hastings is necessarily away much. Will you come and live with me—not as a hired companion, but as a friend—a sister, if you will? My father used to talk of you; your father used to write to us from India about you. I should like to have you with me if your mother and sister can spare you. I hardly know how to express what more I want to say, my dear, but am I right in supposing that you are rather straitened for means? Forgive me if I have touched upon a subject I should not have mentioned, but I have known how hard it is myself to bear the changes that reverses bring, and if you can accept the enclosed without feeling hurt at it do.

"Mrs. Arundale, the friend with whom I am staying—our own home is at Holmdale, in Yorkshire—kindly bids me say, if you will come to me at once, she shall be very glad to see you. I hope when we return home, that your mother and sister will come to us for a little change. You remember your mother speaking of Philip Reynell, the gentleman I was once engaged to? He is here on a visit. I have not met him yet, as he is out for the day, but I shall do so to-morrow. How time changes us! I feel as though I could greet him as indifferently as any stranger now. I am glad it is so. I would not have any regrets mar the peace of my present life. He has his wife with him. I may own to a curiosity to see her. You'll see them all yourself when you come, as I hope you will. Let me know as soon as possible, and believe me, dear Mary, your affectionate cousin,

"Katherine Hastings.

"Miss Mary Underwood."

The enclosure was a fifty-pound note, and Mary hid her face in her hands, and cried with very mingled feelings. Her mother would cavil and sneer at it, but how welcome the timely assistance would be perhaps she alone knew.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

HERESIE ON THE TRACK.

I see him, hear him everywhere—
In all things—darkness, light,
Silence and sound, but most of all
When slumber's dusky curtains fall
In the silent hour of night. —Anon.

Terrible was the storm that burst over poor Mary's devoted head when her mother made her appearance for having presumed to receive a cordial, kind letter, specially addressed to her.

"It was like Mrs. Hastings's impertinence," Mrs. Underwood declared, "and Mary must have been writing to her, or she never would have known where to find them."

"Indeed, I have not, mamma. She has found out accidentally, she says."

"Oh, I daresay—and wants a servant, and thinks one of my daughters will be only too proud to take the situation. I've no patience with such insolence!"

"It's nothing of the sort, mamma. You are too unjust. The letter is most delicate and kind, and the help she has sent us most welcome. You might, at least, remember all she lost through us, and give her credit for some generosity."

"Mary, you are the most unfeeling girl in the world, to remind me of what is past in that way—give me that money. Put it in the desk, Ida. You coarse-minded, vulgar girl, can't you see that you are breaking my heart?"

And Mrs. Underwood proceeded to indulge in a series of gasps and shockings, preparatory to going into a regular hysterical fit; but Mary did not take any notice. Worms will turn, the old proverb says, and Katherine's letter had shown her a way of escape from the daily and hourly persecution she endured—a way which, while it would brighten her life, would also render her mother's and Ida's more comfortable, by allowing them for themselves what she had hitherto cost them to keep and clothe. So she stood quietly by, till the tears, and the kickings, and the gasps and sobs were over, and then made the breakfast, and set her mother's chair as if nothing had happened.

Mrs. Underwood ate and scolded, and scolded and ate, till she had made a remarkably good breakfast, and came to the thorough conclusion that she was the most ill-used woman on the face of the earth. She thought, with a great deal of complacency, too, of the bank-note lying so snug in the little desk, and planned an immediate excursion somewhere—to get a new outfit of clothing for herself and Ida. Mary might do with their old ones made up—it was not necessary for her to make an appearance.

"Well, mamma," said Ida, waking her up from a reverie of a black satin dress, trimmed with white lace.

"Well, child?"

"What about Mary—is she to go?"

"Go—certainly not."

"I certainly shall, mamma."

Mary lifted up her head from her work, and spoke very quietly, without any temper or evidence of feeling.

"What!"

Mrs. Underwood glanced at her furiously, but Katherine's letter was a shield, and Mary repeated her words.

"I shall go to my cousin, mamma; she offers me a home, and it is a temptation I cannot withstand."

"Why, you ungrateful, wicked girl, what do you mean?"

"What I say, mamma."

"And you would leave me and your sister? Desert us in our humiliation and sorrow, and go with this woman, who flaunts her wealth at us, throws us money as if we were paupers? You would leave us and go and live on her grudgingly-given charity? I am ashamed of you!"

"You always were ashamed of me, mamma—always will be I suppose," Mary said quietly; "so that is nothing new. I shall accept my cousin's offer for a time, but only until I can see some way of earning a living. There are things that even I, ignorant as I am despised as I am, can manage to earn money by, and Heaven helps those who help themselves you know."

"Why, you—you—" began Mrs. Underwood, but her temper got the better of her, and she could only gasp, and choke, and shake her fist at her offending daughter. Mrs. Underwood could be very violent, and very vulgar sometimes, and she was not particular what she said or did in private.

"You had better let me finish what I was going to say, mamma," Mary went on, quietly; and her mother was so astonished at the usually meek girl daring to express herself at all, that she was silent from sheer want of words. "If my cousin Katherine had not given me this opportunity," Mary said, "I should have found one for myself. I have borne in silence from you and Ida what I can bear no longer. I have been your servant, your drudge, your seamstress, ever since poor papa died; and the look of kindness or single word of approval which would have turned it all into a labor of love, you have never given me. I'm not ungrateful, but I have never been more to you than a servant. You will not miss me except for what I have done."

A little heightened color was all the evidence of agitation on Mary's face as she spoke—how truly, her selfish mother and sister knew only too well. They had never treated her as anything beyond a drudge and an encumbrance, and certainly they had never heard her venture to speak as she had spoken now.

Mrs. Underwood burst into tears, and rocked herself backward and forward, and moaned at Mary's wickedness. She declared she should die—that her heart was broken—that no one else ever had such ungrateful children, etc., etc., till Ida spoke.

"Don't you think you had better be quiet, mamma," she said, "and look at the thing in a rational light?"

"Rational!"

"Yes—behave like a reasonable woman. Hysterics won't do any good that I can see. Besides, I think that Mary is right."

"Right! Are you mad, Ida?"

"No, mamma—I am perfectly sane. Mary has put it vulgarly and coarsely, as she always does, but her going to Mrs. Hastings may open a way for us to get into society again on something like a decent footing. Let Mary go; we will pay her a visit. She won't patronize me, whatever she may choose to do with her."

"There's some sense in that, Ida; but her clothes—she's hardly decent to go anywhere visiting. I can't think what she does with them, I'm sure."

It was not very difficult to guess, seeing that Mary never got anything but what had been worn threadbare before it descended to her; but her mother did not take that into account.

"She must be fitted out properly," said Ida, decidedly. She saw prospective advantages in the scheme, which her mother chose to ignore. "The money was doubtless sent with that intention."

"It shall not be spent on her. Why, I want—" began Mrs. Underwood, in dismay.

"If you hadn't a single dress to put on, mamma, you shouldn't spend this money on yourself," Miss Ida retorted, more decidedly than dutifully. "Can't you see what we may gain by this? Let Mary go properly dressed, and you write a note of thanks to Mrs. Hastings, and before another year is out we may be back in our proper station—who knows?"

"It's very cruel of you, Ida, to talk so—very!" was Mrs. Underwood's rejoinder. "Is there to be no consideration for me, having my child taken away from me like that?"

To which speech Miss Ida dutifully replied—

"Nonsense, mamma—that's all very well before people. You can keep your fine feelings till there's some one here."

And so it came about that Katherine's offer was accepted in a very chilling little note from Mrs. Underwood, and a very thankful one from Mary, blurred with many tear, and dressmakers and seamstresses were set to work to make her a suitable outfit. In vain Mrs. Underwood tried to get herself a handsome dress out of Katherine's gift—Ida was inexorable.

"If there was any left," she said, "after Mary was made decent and her expenses paid to Harbledon, they might spend it; but there was too much at stake to risk sending her shabbily."

Katherine would have gladly welcomed her cousin as she was, and supplied her in her own kindly way with all she needed, and Mary endured unheard-of tribulation while the preparations were being made for her to go to Harbledon.

Had Mrs. Underwood and Ida stripped themselves of everything they possessed to send her anywhere in good trim, they could not have talked at and to her more than they did. She felt, poor girl, that any place would be a haven of rest after her life with them.

If the letter received by her lodgers had created a small hurricane up-stairs, the missive put into Mrs. Mayhew's hands by the postman was productive of much more amazement in the lower regions of the house. She took it in wonderment, and walked in to where her husband sat at his breakfast of bread and bacon, washed down by beer—Mr. Mayhew looked upon tea as "cat-lap," and despised it accordingly.

"Dost know anybody at Warwick, old man?" she asked, putting the group of youngsters round their father's knee to right.

The post-mark was the same as the letter for Mary.

"Not I. Why?"

"Here's a letter with 'Warwick' on it. We've no kin in that part—"

"Nor anywhere else much that I know of," he said, with a laugh. "Open the letter, old woman; you'll soon find out all about it in the inside."

Mrs. Mayhew tore open the flap of the envelope and took out the letter. She hardly knew what to expect, and dreaded some unforseen catastrophe, after the fashion of folks who get letters but seldom.

"Well, what is it?" her husband asked. "Anybody died and left me a fortune? Hullo, wife, lass! what is it?"

For Mrs. Mayhew had turned as pale as death, and was staring at the open letter with wide-distended eyes.

"It's a—a ghost!" she faltered. "I'm frightened—I can't read it!"

"A ghost! No, that I'll swear it isn't," he said, taking the sheets—for there were two closely-written—from her hand; "and if a ghost sent it, it's a mighty substantial affair. Hold up, wife. What's come over thee?"

"I don't know," she said; "but look at it—read it. Don't tell me I've fancied it, or I shall go mad!"

Mr. Mayhew opened the letter, and his face grew as long and as white as his wife's. It, too, was dated "Harbledon," and had a curious beginning—

"My Dear Sister—"

Turning it over he saw the signature in full—"Samuel Edwards."

"It's no fancy," he said. "It may be a ghost. Hold up, and listen to it, there's a dear. If it's true, then Sam's alive after all."

No, it was no hoax. Every line of it bore truth on the face of it, and Mrs. Mayhew wept very grateful tears as she listened to it.

"'Harbledon, Warwickshire,
"'June 18, 18—.

"'My Dear Sister—I know you have thought me dead—mourned me as such for a long time now—and I take the first opportunity I have had of telling you that I am alive and well. I am here with my new master.'"

"His new master! Then he didn't find Mr. Reynell, after all?" Mrs. Mayhew exclaimed, mystified.

"That's what it says here—

"'My new master, Mr. Hastings, and his wife, who was Miss Katherine Branscombe, whom I have written to you about sometimes from India. A sweet, gracious lady she is, and both of them have been most kind to me. Mr. Reynell behaved badly to her, and broke his promise to her; but she is better off than she would have been with him. She is a great authoress now, and makes a deal of money by her books. You will wonder why I have never written to you or come to see you all this time. Don't be frightened when I tell you I have been shut up in a madhouse.'"

"A what?" shrieked Mrs. Mayhew, aghast.

"A madhouse."

"What for? Sam never was mad."

"Maybe—folk don't always need to be mad to get into those places. We'll see what he says about it. Where was I? Oh, here it is—

"'In a madhouse, though how I came there, or who put me there, I know no more than you. I went straight to Boscobel when I landed, intending to see my master, and then get on to Clyro, as I told you I should in my letter from Portsmouth, and walked up to the house. It's a beautiful place, with old ruins about it, and I went in through a little gate. I sometimes fancy I got confused when I think of what happened then, for while I was looking into a queer old hole with a kind of archway over it, I fell down into a place as deep as the shaft of a mine. It seems to me that I was pushed, that I felt a heavy hand on my shoulder driving me down, but it must have been fancy, for there was not a living soul about. Some bricks and rubbish came tumbling down after me, but they fell clear of me, and then I thought I heard voices, and a dog barking and whining.

"'It was all of a piece, I suppose, for I knew nothing more till I woke up in a bed badly hurt, and they told me that my name was John Jones, and that I was in a lunatic asylum. What I suffered there I could not tell you. If I ventured to tell them my real name, or to assert that I was not mad, I was beaten, physiced, shut up in the dark, till they almost made me what they said I was—a madman. I found out it was better to be quiet and wait, and I kept very still till I discovered where I was, and found I was only a few miles from Boscobel. Then I resolved, if I died in the attempt, that I would get out and find my master. I did get out, and made my way to the place I had been directed to as Boscobel Abbey. I stood by the very hole I had fallen in, and there I saw him face to face, not two yards away from me. I stretched out my hands to him, but he stared at me in a wild, vacant sort of way, and fell in a fit. I had not time to cry out, for they caught me, the brutes—I must be very precious to some one from the care they took of me—and carried me away.

"'I was moved from that place to a Yorkshire asylum, still as John Jones, and watched so that I could not write or speak to any one, and I was very near an idiot, when one blessed day Miss Kate—that's Mrs. Hastings, my mistress—came to see the place. I called out to her and she knew me, but they hustled me away. She didn't forget it, Heaven bless her! and she tried all she could to get me out; but they told her all sorts of lies. I bided my time there, and when I found that she lived not far off I risked my life once more and got out. I went straight to her and told her my story, and she believed me, and sheltered me, and her husband made himself answerable for me to the asylum doctor. I am his servant now, and a good master he is. There is some mystery about Mr. Philip Reynell which everybody wants to solve. By all accounts he is as different from what he was in India as night from day. I can only think that the illness and the trouble that he had, must have turned his brain. He is visiting here with his wife, but is gone out for the day.

"'My master thinks there may be some trouble yet about my being out of that horrible place, and wants some one handy that can speak to the truth of what I say about my former life. Of course my mistress identifies me, and there are plenty in the regiment who will do the same; but Mr. Hastings would like you to come here. You saw Mr. Reynell, he says. Something's afoot more than I can quite understand, but anyhow, if you can, come straight here. I enclose some money for expenses; if it's not enough you can have more when you come. I am to say from the lady of the house, Mrs. Armdale, that her housekeeper will make you very comfortable, or if you would feel more at home in a smaller house, lodgings shall be taken for you in the village. I cannot express all I feel at being once more safe and free; I have been very impatient to write to you for the past month, but I gave my master my word not to do so till he gave me leave. I shall soon be able to come and pay you a long visit, and help you along a bit, for I haven't been all those years in India for nothing. I've some money, and whoever has been trying to get rid of me didn't rob me of that. Write by return of post, and say when you'll come; make it directly, for my master is anxious, and believe me, with love to all, your loving brother,

"'Samuel Edwards.

"'Mrs. Mayhew.'"

The farmer's wife set off on her journey the very next day, but before she reached Harbledon her brother had met Philip Reynell face to face, and understood the mystery of all that seemed so strange in what had befallen him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ A young lady at Princeville has sent off her lover with instructions not to return until he "means business."

☞ A Parisian gentleman provided in his will that any relation who shed tears at his funeral should be disinherited.

☞ Scene in street car; time evening; two gentlemen in calling attire. First gentleman, briskly, "Well! Who is going to be bored to-night?" Second gentleman, as briskly; "I don't know; where are you going?"

☞ A Germantown man borrows his neighbor's paper and sells it after looking over the deaths to see where he can get his next free ride.

☞ A tender and touching allusion was made by a speaker in the Kansas House of Representatives to a recently deceased member of the State Legislature. "Brother Riggs," he remarked, "will not feel the cold where he has gone."

☞ When a woman gets a letter she carries it in her hand, but a couple pounds of sausage she manages to squeeze into her pocket.

☞ A curious little incident lately occurred in connection with the ladies' gallery in the House of Commons. Half a leaf from a pocket-book, folded up, fell from the ladies' gallery and alighted upon a reporter's note-book. Upon it was inscribed the following inquiry: "How much longer, my pet?"

☞ There was a desire on the part of the teacher to make a scholar understand what the conscience is. She said, "What makes you feel bad after you have done wrong?" "My pop," said the youth, feelingly.

☞ A cotemporary speaks of the finding of a skull in a well in the door-yard of one of the citizens of a New England town, and innocently remarks that the person to whom the skull originally belonged is dead.

☞ One of our exchanges gives the following conundrum: "Why is it that a young fellow and his girl can sit in the parlor until after midnight without making noise enough for the old folks to hear them through the partition, but can't sit in a public place five minutes without annoying the whole house with their giggling and talk?"

☞ There was a terrific thunder-storm last night, and in the mail this noon, there were letters from nine different lightning-rod men, inquiring if there was any kind of opening here for them. We don't doubt but that an opening could be made for them if they were here, as the frost is not deep.

☞ Several times of late it has rained just as the Sunday-morning service closed. It did so last Sunday. This makes it unpleasant for those of the congregation who, awakened from a sound sleep, feel bad enough any way, without having to stand in a doorway and watch the drizzle of the elements.

☞ A Talbotan negro attempted to break a new mule by holding on to his tail. It is useless to specify what was broken.

☞ Judy says that some people who set up for being fanny fellows, had much better sit down again.

☞ A valet, throwing open the door, announces a visitor; his master, who is very short-sighted, advances before fixing his glasses, shakes the valet by both hands, hopes his lady is well, and orders the visitor to put wood on the fire.

☞ Tiny coquettish lace caps are said to be coming into fashion for young married ladies, to be worn in the morning.

☞ A gentleman in North Carolina built a fire in his house on his wedding day, twenty-five years ago, and has kept it burning night and day ever since, and declares his intention never to permit it to die out while he lives.

☞ Sleeping rooms should always be so arranged, if possible, as to allow the head of the sleeper to lie toward the north. Frequently, in case of sickness, a person will find it impossible to obtain rest if the head is in any other direction, and often a cure is retarded for a long time.

☞ Mark Twain, in speaking of cannibalism, grows serious for once, and solemnly declares that, for his own part, he "would rather go hungry for two days than eat an old personal friend."

☞ A Danbury man imagined himself a hen, and while under the influence of that conceit, sat down on a dozen eggs, and hatched out an Italian sunset and a circus poster. His wife removed the debris with the bald end of a broom.

☞ A young man becoming a little dissatisfied with the coquettish actions of his young lady while she was shopping on Saturday, retired to another part of the store, and resting his elbow on the dummy figure of a woman, gave himself up to gloomy reflections, from which he was rudely aroused by a sharp push, while the dummy received a vigorous slap over the head from an indignant lady's parasol. There is hardly enough of the English language to do justice to the scene that followed.

☞ Philadelphia is waging war upon her street beggars, it having been discovered that one of the most noted, whose income from fraud is oftentimes twenty dollars a day, lives in an aristocratic quarter, loans money at usury, and gets drunk nightly. Another, a deformed young woman, owns a row of houses, and is a large dealer in real estate.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

FINE SHOOTING.

That wonderful nomad named, "Buffalo Bill" was at Hartford, Conn., the other day, and while visiting Colt's Armory, the large number of spectators who had assembled to see the famous scout, desired him to favor them with an exhibition of his skill as a marksman. Bill gave the chew of tobacco in his mouth to a small boy to keep warm; a small piece of white paper was put up on a barn-door, fifty rods distant, B. William seized a fine new rifle, spit on his hands, and raising the weapon until his nose rested on the stock, fired, and a picket was knocked off from a fence ten feet to the left of the barn. "This rifle-barrel is crooked," said Bill, so saying, he hit it over a stone to straighten it, then shot again, this time barking the skin of an old pie-woman on the right flank. A third trial, and he hit the barn fair in the centre, and the shout that arose from the assemblage attested the joy of the spectators at his success.

A RECKLESS POET.

One of our recent poetasters offers these observations:

"Give me kisses—do not stop
Measuring nectar by the drop;
Though to millions they amount,
They will never drain the fount.
Kiss me, then,
Every moment and again."

If she kissed him every moment she would kiss him half a million times a year, and she would have to kiss him every minute for two years before "to millions they amount." This would not allow time for meals, and it is probable the poet and the woman would starve. As far as the poet is concerned, we do not know that it makes much difference. Perhaps the world will be happier if he does die. We think, upon reflection, that we may possibly be able to spare him; but it will be hardly fair to kill the woman at the same time. Upon the whole, it will be better to have intervals of repose. Suppose we say kiss him for an hour, and then pause to let him fill up with beef and cabbage.—*Max Adeler, in Philada. Dispatch.*

A CURIOUS CALCULATION.

An ingenious individual, with a turn for mathematics, has found that there is one pig to every one and four-tenths men in the United States. There is nothing singular at all that every man should have a pig, but when four-tenths of a man buys a pig the event becomes a matter of deep interest to everybody who strives after a higher civilization. The mind instantly pictures these four-tenths of an individual getting home with that pig, and bucking up against fences, and splashing into the mud, and kicking at the animal just enough to miss it and swing off his balance; and while we have a long array of precedents to show that no whole man ever drove a pig in the right direction, we can well believe that four-tenths of a man wrestling with that animal would afford a spectacle that would be nourishing to the last degree. This, of course, is confidential.

A CRUEL PAPA.

Like the youth of some other places, the Pittsburg boys, to the number of fifty or sixty, rush out of evening meetings as soon as the benediction is pronounced, and stand ready to offer their company to their opposites of the other sex as they come out. One of these young bloods was about giving his arm to the girl of his choice, a few nights ago, when her father, who hasn't a bit of romance in his soul, but a mighty sight of vigor in his muscles, stepped up, and taking in the situation at a glance, grasped the youth by the coat collar, lifted him about a yard clear of the ground, and nearly shook him out of his trowsers. The young man has been shy of that Miss ever since. He says "It isn't safe to be hangin' round a girl whose father acts like a derrick."

SNUBBED.

A solicitor who had recently been engaged by a prominent life insurance firm, returned to the office of his employers the other day, and complained that he had been snubbed by a gentleman on whom he had called. "Snubbed," cried the manager, "snubbed? Why, what did you do that he should have snubbed you? I have solicited life insurance from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, and have not yet been snubbed. I have been kicked down stairs, beaten over the head with chairs, and thrown out of the window, but snubbed I have never been." The solicitor is driving a coal wagon.

THE ARK.

The Hartford horse-cars in the winter present such a ridiculous appearance, with their canvas covers, that once were white, but now are of an indefinable color, that the following dialogue seems very natural: Passenger who wants to get aboard—"Noah, stop your ark." Noah probably felt a little indignant, and did not stop. Again he hailed—"Noah, stop your ark." Finally Noah held up, with the answer, "Come, hurry up—the animals are all in except the jackass."

"DANBURY NEWS" ITEMS.

A. T. Stewart is said to be worth $60,000,000, but of course it is not so. The man who originated the story must have thought his readers were deplorably ignorant of surgery. A friend of ours, a medical student, assured us, only the other day, that he could get a dozen bodies, assorted sizes, for $426.

The first robin of the season appeared in Danbury on Sunday, and was escorted through town by nineteen bows and arrows, sixty-two shot-guns, four muskets, and eleven rifles.

WAITING FOR HIS TRIAL.—A Parisian Exquisite, whose notions of honor were so fine that in vindicating them in a duel he got into trouble, was waiting for his trial one day in the police court. Being kept waiting for his examination some three hours, he became very impatient, and at last interrogated the usher: "Usher, how long will it be before my case comes on?" "Oh, not long now, monsieur: there is only another thief before you." Exquisite collapsed.

ONE of the most eventful epochs in a boy's history is when he first addresses his father as the "old man." It is a patriarchal term, and if the boy is rightly treated afterward by the family physician he lives a great many years to enjoy it.

AN exchange devotes a quarter of a column to tell "how mirrors may be ruined." There is a vast difference in people. We believe in condensing things. If *we* were asked by an anxious public "How mirrors may be ruined," we would say "Poke 'em in their diaphrams with a stick."

☞ We are inclined to believe that women are going for the polls in dead earnest, from the fact that, of nine married men talking politics in a Danbury grocery, Saturday evening, seven were entirely bald.

☞ A gentleman was complimenting a pretty young lady in the presence of his wife. "It is lucky I did not meet Miss Hopkins before I married you, my dear." "Well, yes, it is extremely lucky—for her," was the dry rejoinder.

LEFT BEHIND.

The twilight deepens round me,
All alone forever more,
Still clinging to a clay-cold hand,
Ne'er cold to me before.
As I hear my children's voices
Pass laughing by the door,

God help me! I am wicked,
But I cannot bear their mirth—
They all innocent of sorrow,
I the saddest soul on earth.
Oh, my husband! was it only
The wife who knew your worth?

Love, *try* to look upon me;
Clasp my fingers once again,
For my woman's heart is breaking
With its bitter load of pain,
As I lay my head beside you,
And call you—all in vain.

Never more to nestle by you,
Never more to hear you laugh,
Never more to run to meet you
Coming up the garden path!
Was the Hand that took you from me
Raised in mercy, or in wrath?

Did I love you all too dearly?
Am I punished for my sin?
But I *cannot* live without you
Who my strength have ever been;
And you did not want to leave me?
Darling, tell me once again!

Must your little ones forget you?
Will they wonder when they see
Their widowed mother weeping as
She lifts them on her knee—
Their little cherub faces each
The counterpart of thee?

Oh, my darling! I am weary
With my weeping here below,
While the moonlight through the curtains
Glimmers faintly on your brow;
I am half afraid to kiss it,
For it strikes so coldly now.

Yet I cannot bear to leave you
Lying there so still and white,
Though I hear my baby's wailing
Pierce the silence of the night,
And I know that, while I sorrow,
You have passed into the light.

HER PROOF.

AN EPISODE OF THE COMMUNE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

The taste of an American, fresh from the sight of the spirituelle beauties of his own country, is certainly not easy to satisfy. But when a trio of tourists from the land of the free, saw Annetté Lesage selling bouquets on the Boulvards, they unanimously pronounced her "a blamed pretty girl." In the face of this testimony, I hope nobody will doubt that my heroine was unusually pretty. Her eyes were large and violet-colored; her wealth of brown hair, and the carmine tinge on her cheeks, might have been the envy of any grande demoiselle in her first season; and withal there was an air of gentleness and modesty about Annette that many grande demoiselles would be the better for having.

Annette lived in a dark, little court, and supported her father by selling bouquets. Annette's father was insane—usually quiet, but at rare intervals very violent—he was like a child in his daughter's hands, and from her he received a mother's tenderness. Annette had many admirers, and one lover—René Voler. Both she and René had come from Brittany to seek their fortunes in the great city of Paris. René was a waiter in a cheap café.

One night when Annette had returned to her little room high up in a crowded tenement house, René's usual knock was heard at the door. This was always the time of his visit, for Annette was generally out with her bouquets until an hour after the opening of the performances at the theatres. Old Jean Lesage sat in a corner listlessly winding a spool of silk, while Annette tried to embroider by the dim light of a lamp. Annette's face lighted up as René's entered.

"Good-evening, Père Jean," he said to the old man. "Good-evening, Annette. Have you heard the news? The Prussians are going to besiege us."

"I heard it said in the streets. Is it true, René?" asked Annette anxiously.

"I think it likely. But these Prussians are fools. For what do they take *us*—the compatriots of the great Napoleon? In three months, Annette, there won't be a Prussian in France. We'll drive them to Berlin. France is aroused! France will triumph! Vive la France!"

Annette smiled sadly.

"Ah, René, I am afraid you are mistaken."

"Not at all," returned René, "I agree with the newspapers. Now, Annette, to change the subject, when are we to be married? You've put it off from time to time, until I'm getting tired of waiting."

Annette looked in the direction of her father.

"You know I cannot leave him."

"I don't ask you to leave him, Annette. I will provide a home for him, too. Will you come?"

Annette shook her head, and spoke in a low voice.

"He would be a burden. He is violent at times. No one can manage him as I can. No, René, I will not consent. We must wait."

"Wait!" cried René. "It is always *wait*. You *must* be my wife *now*, Annette."

"It can not be," said Annette, sadly. "Your wages are small, René. You have enough for one, but not sufficient for three. My father and I would only clog your steps, and prevent your gaining—"

"Oh, I see it all now!" cried René, scornfully. "You're looking for a rich husband, Ma'amselle Annette! Well, I wish you joy. Perhaps you're *waiting* for the Prussians to come in, so that you may catch a German prince! Ha! ha!"

"René!"

A look of pain swept across Annette's face.

"I hope you'll be happy with your German prince—*when* you catch him. You have never loved me, Annette Lesage—you have never loved me," he said, vehemently. "Farewell! You may *wait* forever, as far as I am concerned!"

He left the room.

"René!" If he heard her, he paid no head. Annette buried her head in her hands, and wept bitterly. René's words, "You have never loved me!" rang in her ears, and pierced her heart.

René never came back. Annette lived through the terrible days of the siege, how, she could scarcely tell. Few people wanted bouquets during those dark days. But old Jean Lesage died, in spite of his daughter's care.

One dark night, shortly after the Commune had inaugurated their new reign of terror, Annette, in hurrying along the Rue de la Paix in search of a doctor for her father, had noticed a group of men drinking wine, seated around a fire in the street. The red glow from the fire flashed upon their faces. Among them she recognized René. The men were rattling their glasses, and shouting "Vive la Commune!" Then René had joined the Communists! Annette shuddered.

After this, she sought for him, hoping to speak to him. It was in vain.

The troops from Versailles marched into Paris. Many of those frantic men and women who had been caught in the act of setting fire to buildings, were condemned to death. Annette heard that René Voler was among the number sentenced to be shot at daybreak in the Place de la Concorde.

Before day broke over Paris, twenty miserable prisoners stood shivering in the open space, awaiting their doom. The cold rain fell down upon the dishevelled hair of bloated women, upon the pale cheeks of young girls, and on defiant or cowardly men. René was there. He wore a long cloak which his guard had brought to him in the night. The soldier had been well paid for doing so by an unknown woman. It was dark; the dawn had not yet come, and the soldiers waited impatiently.

"René Voler," said a hushed voice beside him, "move out of the line."

The guard had strolled away a few paces, to light his cigar at that of a comrade.

René, wondering, obeyed. He did not know the voice.

"I will take your place," said the voice. "Steal along by the houses. I came that way."

The desire to live was strong in René Voler's breast—so strong as to overcome all scruples. He stole away.

The guard returned to his place. Day dawned. Twenty prisoners stood in line—one was muffled in a long cloak. The soldiers were in a hurry; they did not insist on its being removed.

As the gray light came into the east, a sharp, thrilling word sounded in the air. A line of red fire shone before the prisoners, and twenty souls were launched into eternity.

Later, René Voler, well-disguised, returned to the Place de la Concorde. He was curious to know who had saved him. The soldiers were removing the bodies. One of them lifted a heavy cloak from a dead face.

"Parbleu!" he exclaimed, "a very pretty face!"

René looked, too. It was the face of Annette Lesage. He knew now that she had loved him. She had proved it.

(It is very difficult to know exactly the right thing to say to an Artist about his Pictures. We recommend unlimited praise; but it is safer not to enter into details.)

LADY. "Oh, Mr. Robinson! your pictures are *quite—too—more than lovely!* Surely you are the *greatest artist that ever lived!* Are you not? *Candidly!*"

ARTIST. Well, I don't know. There was Michael Angelo, you know, and Hogarth, and—and—and—"

LADY. "Oh, your pictures have all the ineffable refinement and purity of Hogarth, all the irresistible humor of Michael Angelo, and—and—something quite *your own*, which I have *never perceived in the works of either of those masters!*"

The Price of Success.

It is no longer possible to know everything. A universal scholar will be no more seen among men. The range of human knowledge has increased so vastly, has swept out and away so far and so fast, that no brain, be its quantity or quality what it may, can in the years commonly given to man even survey the field. A man therefore must make up his mind, if he proposes to learn anything, to be content with profound ignorance of a great many other things. It is a bitter thing, perhaps, but it is a fact, that a man who would know anything in this century must purchase his knowledge with voluntary and chosen ignorance of a hundred other things. One must choose his specialty, and devotion and diligence in that is the price he pays for success. It is with doing as it is with knowing. There is only a certain amount of work in any case. He cannot do everything. Nevertheless, everything needs doing. All about him is undone work clamoring for hands. There are two courses before one. To undertake everything, to fret and grieve because one finds this and that undone, and to make spasmodic efforts to do it—this is the way of failure. Resolutely to make up one's mind to let as far as he is concerned, the most that should be done stay undone still, to steel one's heart against demands and necessities, to resist all inducements to put forth a single effort, to close one's eyes to it all, and to stick heart, hand, life, and love to the thing a man undertakes and calls his own—that is the way of success. Life is very short, and the single brain and hand at best very weak, and there are thousands of things to know and to do. One must choose and be content with his choice. And so it comes to pass that now at last the measure of a man's learning will be the amount of his voluntary ignorance—the measure of his practical effectiveness, the amount of what he is content to leave unattempted.

"You See He and His Wife Didn't Agree."

We saw a beautiful vineyard; a growing young orchard; a new, neat-looking house; and everything about the place betokened thrift and increasing prosperity. All wore an air of repose and happiness. A few years later we passed this place again. How changed! The supports of the grape-vines had been suffered to decay and fall. The fences were down. The gates were broken and off the hinges. What had happened? No rude whirlwind had swept over the estate and laid it waste; fire had not consumed the buildings, nor had death entered the house. What then had happened, to replace the serenity, and beauty, and life, which formerly prevailed, with such a picture of desolation? The industrious owner had gone, and a neighbor told the whole story in a few brief words:—"You see," said he, "that he and his wife didn't agree very well together, and now they have separated, and that is the cause of it all." Alas, how many a similar history, with an equally unhappy ending, may be epitomized in the same words, "He and his wife didn't agree very well together!"

☞ Society in Columbus, Ohio, is high-toned, as this from the Journal shows: "'W-h-y, y-o-u o-l-d s-a-r-d-i-n-e, is that you?' is how a young lady saluted another the other day; and the angel in high-heeled boots poetically responded, 'You bet!'"

LITERARY PLAGIARISM.

Prof. Mathews, of the University of Chicago, in an able and scholarly essay, uses the following expressive language, in speaking of this subject:

"In all ages, the greatest literary geniuses have been the greatest borrowers. Omniverous devourers of books, with memories like hooks of steel, they have not scrupled to seize and turn to account every good thought they could pick up in their readings. Milton boldly plagiarized from Dante and Tasso, and all of them from Homer; and who believes that Homer had no reservoir of learning to draw from, no mysterious lake of knowledge into which he could now and then throw a bucket? Goethe laughed the idea of absolute originality to scorn, and declared that it was an author's duty to use all that was suggested to him from any quarter. 'What is a great man,' asks Emerson, 'but one of great affinities, who takes up into himself all arts, sciences, all knowables, as his food? . . . . . Every book is a quotation; and every house is a quotation, out of all forests, and mines, and stone quarries; and every man is a quotation from all his ancestors.' Occasional accidental coincidences of thought and expression will not detract from a writer's just fame. It is only the habitual and conscious thief, the man who *lives* by plunder, and who thus shows himself to be both weak and wicked, that merits the pillory. Literal, bald borrowing, whether of the plan or treatment—the substance or form—the thoughts or expressions—of a work, is absolutely indefensible; but he is not a thief who borrows the ideas of a hundred other men and repays them with compound interest. It is one thing to purloin finely-tempered steel, and another to take a pound of literary old iron, and convert it in the furnace of one's mind into a hundred watch-springs, worth each a thousand times as much as the iron. When genius borrows, it borrows grandly, giving to the borrowed matter a life and beauty it lacked before. When Shakspeare is accused of pilfering, Landor replies: 'Yet, he was more original than his originals. He breathed upon dead bodies, and brought them into life.' It has been said of Pope, that whatever jewel he appropriated, he set in gold. Perhaps, the best definition of legitimate appropriation was given by Hegel, when Cousin was accused of stealing his ideas. 'Cousin,' said he, 'has caught some small fishes in my pond, but he has drowned them in his own sauce.' This was quite different from the case of a patchwork sermon preached by a Mr. Fish, of which an old lady complained that it was 'so full of pollywogs that she couldn't see the Fish.'

"For these reasons, about the meanest business a literary man can engage in, is that of arraigning authors for theft on the score of petty parallelisms and coincidences. The small critics who stoop to this are like constables who thrive by catching thieves; they hunt down the culprits, not because their moral sense is outraged, but because they get a fee for catching the offender. When Molière was taunted with having plagiarized a scene here, a situation there, a character elsewhere, he replied: 'I recover my property wherever I find it.' The whole philosophy of plagiarism lies in that sentence. A man of genius takes unhesitatingly whatever he can organize; a vulgar plagiarist is a vulgar thief, a liar, and a braggart, calling on men to admire the peacock splendor of his wretched daw nature. Nine-tenths of what is denounced as plagiarism is only such as the plants exercise upon the earth and air—or the bee upon the flowers and honeysuckles—to organize the stolen material into higher forms, and make it suitable for the food of man."

Under the Rose.

There has arisen much petty controversy about the common expression "under the rose," and two different origins have been assigned. Some persons assert that it ought to be spelled "under the *rose*," for that in former days almost all towns were built with the second story projecting over the lower one—a sort of piazza, or *row*, as they termed it, and which may still be seen at Chester, and some other old English towns; and that, whilst the elders of the family were sitting at their windows gravely enjoying the air, their sons and daughters were making love where they could not see them, "under the rows."

The other is much more elegant. Cupid, it is said, gave a rose to Harpocrates, the god of Silence; and from this legend originated the practice that prevailed amongst northern nations of suspending a rose from the ceiling over the upper end of the table, when it was intended that the conversation was to be kept secret; and this it was according to others, which gave rise to the phrase, "under the rose."

☞ BE PLEASANT AT HOME.—A loving heart and a pleasant countenance are commodities which a man should never fail to take home with him. They will best season his food, and soften his pillow. It were a great thing for a man that his wife and children could truly say of him, "He never brought a frown or unhappiness across his threshold."

Answers to Correspondents.

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces payment of the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

READER, (Cincinnati, O.,) says: "Let me ask you a few questions. 1st. What is the average height of man? 2d. Which is the true mode of baptism? 3d. How old is the world supposed to be? 4th. Can a foreigner become President of the United States? 5th. Was there ever such a person as Robin Hood? 6th. How is my writing for a boy of twelve years old?" 1st. About 5½ feet. Americans are taller than the average. The average height of the soldiers in the late war was about 5 feet 6½ inches. 2d. The churches have not settled that to their mutual satisfaction, so we will not venture. 3d. Scientific men say millions of years. 4th. No. 5th. Probably there was a real foundation for the story. He is a celebrated hero of English ballad poetry. 6th. Good for your age.

GRACE, (Alleghany City,) writes: "1st. Do you know of anything that will make the hair grow and keep it from coming out? 2d. Do you know of anything that will make me fat? 3d. Do you know of anything that will take tan from the skin without hurting the face? 4th. What do you think of my writing?" 1st. We cannot recommend anything that can be depended on. Cutting the ends monthly is the safest plan. It can do no harm, if it should do no good. 2d. Drink all the milk and eat all the potatoes and other starchy vegetables you can. But if nature has decided that you are to be lean, it may perhaps be of no use. 3d. Try buttermilk. It is an innocent, and is said to be a good cosmetic. 4th. It will pass for a girl of fifteen.

RENA B., (Smithland, Ky.,) asks: "1st. How is Faust pronounced. Some pronounce it as if spelt Foust. Is that correct? 2d. Who was he? What did he write, and when and where did he live? 3d. Is a lady expected to ask a gentleman to call again when leaving? 4th. What does it cost to go from New York to Liverpool? 5th. Where are the Yosemite Falls? 6th. Is the chromo of that name good? 7th. Do you think the handwriting indicative of character? 8th. What do you think of my writing, and how could I improve it? 9th. Where was the Carnatic, and what was the vow of Hyder Ali?" 1st. Pronounce Fawst. 2. There were two of the name. One a native of Mentz, Germany, who died in 1466, and was one of the reputed inventors of printing. The other, a celebrated necromancer, said to have been born about 1490 in Wertemburg, and to have sold himself to the devil. Several dramas have been written upon this theme, the most celebrated of which is that by Goethe. 3d. It depends upon the degree of acquaintanceship and other circumstances. 4th. About eighty dollars in gold, for a first-class passage, we believe, is the present charge. 5th. In the Yosemite valley, in Mariposa county, Southern California. 6th. That is a matter of taste. People are very divided in their opinions about chromos, and our taste might not be yours. 7th. In many cases it is. 8th. Your handwriting needs freedom and care in shaping the letters. 9th. The province of the Carnatic reached, on the eastern coast of Hindoostan, from Cape Cosmorin to latitude 60 deg. north, averaging about eighty miles inland. Hyder Ali was constantly at war with the English, and he vowed to lay waste the Carnatic and put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and them.

I. W., (Jefferson, Ill.,) asks: "Will you please state what is the proper finger and hand to wear an engagement ring on, and what style of ring? And also if it is proper and customary for the lady to name the time for the marriage ceremony?" Authorities differ, some say the first, some the third finger of the left hand. You should be governed by the custom in your locality. A neat solitaire ring is a desirable style, and much worn at present. The lady's wishes are usually deferred to in regard to naming the wedding day, though, of course, the convenience of both parties needs to be consulted.

E. A., (Fairfield, Ind.,) asks: "What is the meaning of the word avoirdupois? Is it a compound or a derivative word? What per cent. is my writing?" It is an Anglicised form of the French term avoir-du-poids, meaning to have weight. It is the name given to the system of weights used in general commerce in England and this country. Your writing ranks about 15 per cent. We appreciate your remarks about love. No doubt you are, in great measure, right, and that it has proved fortunate for many to have married without waiting for wealth. All that people need do is to consider the future as well as the present, and let judgment and common sense have a share in their matrimonial arrangements. Discretion is advisable, even in lovers.

STUDENT, (Camden, N. J.,) says: "In the course of my readings I have come across a couple of words, the meaning of which I do not know, and cannot find them in any of the dictionaries, although I have consulted Webster, Walker, Worcester, Johnson, and in fact all the larger dictionaries on the shelves of the Mercantile Library. I, therefore, for the first time, apply to you for help. The first one is accolades. I found it in one of Marion Harland's works. The other is pangenesis, and found in Darwin's Descent of Man, page 18. Both words are spelled just as I found them. Please give the pronunciation of the last word." We do not know the first word given. It is probably some term derived from the Greek, from which new words are constantly being manufactured. The second word is one of the new derivations, applied by Darwin in his "Origin of Species," to name a new and peculiar theory by which he sought to explain the mysteries of hereditary transmission. Pan means universal; the verb signifying, literally, the universal genesis. Pronounce as spelt, accenting the second syllable.

A. S. S., (Illinois,) asks: "How can I learn how to punctuate? Is there any other way than learning the grammar? There was, 25 or 30 years ago, a small book called Mr. Stops. Do you know if I could get such a book, or what would you recommend to a person that has very little time for study and bad memory?" We do not think there is any such book now in print. The rules for English punctuation are rather uncertain, and persons vary greatly in their usage. A few simple rules will give you the information necessary, and these rules may be obtained from grammatical works. Experience and the use of them is the most important point. Study of the usage of good writers is a useful exercise and book enough.

SUBSCRIBER, (Pottsville, N. Y.,) says: "I will trouble you to answer me the following, which is very important to me. 1st. What pay does a telegraph operator command in large cities like New York or Philadelphia by the month? 2d. Can you give me a good receipt for canning green peas and beans? I have tried a great many that I have seen in different receipt books, but I don't have such good luck as to have them look and taste as nice as those that are for sale in tin cans at the grocery stores. I have good luck in canning all other fruits. 3d. How many crops can they raise in one year in Colorado—one or two? Also is there any place on the globe in which they can raise any kind of fruit or grain three times a year? If there is, where, and what kind? 4th. Is there a published work on telegraphing, by which one can teach himself, or is it necessary to take instruction from a teacher? 5th. What do you think of my writing?" 1st. From 50 to 100 dollars a month for good operators. 2d. We have no valuable personal experience in that matter, and any receipt we could give you would probably be no better than those you have tried. It is difficult to can green vegetables. Perhaps some of our readers may aid you. 3d. One crop per year. We do not think that three successive crops could be raised anywhere on the globe, though some tropical fruits continue to ripen through whole seasons, blossoms and ripe fruit being found together on the same tree. 4th. There are probably such works. Apply to some bookseller. 5th. It might be much improved.

L. T., asks: "1st. If a hen sets on duck eggs, and hatches out young ducks, which is the mother of the ducks, the hen that hatched them or the duck that laid the eggs? 2d. Does Darwin claim to be a descendant of an ape or a monkey? 3d. If the moon is made of green cheese, what color were the cows that gave the milk?" We answered your questions a few weeks ago in relation to goose eggs, doubting favor of the goose. Put yourself in the position of that goose, and consider yourself answered. 2d. He makes no precise claims as we are aware, but his argument leans to the ape side of the question, rather to some animal from which man and ape are alike descended. 3d. The color of the man who could put such a question.

MARTHA, (St. Louis, Mo.,) asks: 1st. Is it proper in writing the name Le Roy, to use a capital, or a small l, as American name? 2d. In what States, if any, is the compulsory school law in force? 3d. At what age must a person attain to join the regular army? 4th. What would he have to do, or where would he have to go to join it?" The manner of writing such names depends on the usage in the families bearing them. Many such names have become combined into one word. Others have not. We have seen the name Leroy, but other families may spell it Le Roy. 2. In none, so far as we are aware. 3d. He must be a man of age. 4th. He would need to apply to some recruiting station, which may be found in all the large cities. Full information on all particulars can be had at those stations.

DICK writes: "Do you know if —— gift book establishment is still in operation? 2d. Does the Post receive contributions from any one who may send, or is it confined to a few, or a class of favorites? 3d. We do not know. 2d. We receive from and have no favorites except the writers of genius artistes. You cannot blame our predilection in that class.

CONSTANT READER, (Dallas,) asks: "Will you please tell me where the following lines are from, and who is the author:

'Man is an Elliot, and woman the ocean;
He always is danger, she always in motion.'

Also, give the solution for the following example: What is the billionth part of one trillion?" 1st. Perhaps some of our readers can give you the author's name. We are familiar with the lines, but do not know who wrote them. 2d. One thousand, according to the French system of notation; one-million, according to the English system.

M. O., (New Town, Pa.,) asks: "Will you have the kindness to answer the following questions? 1st. I have noticed in advertisements of playing cards that they are called U. S. cards, and have been told that the manufacturers S. B. mean steamboat. Now if that is the case, why are they so called? 2d. Do you think my writing would do for a bookkeeper or shipping clerk? 3d. What is the duty of a shipping clerk in a wholesale dry good house? If you think my writing would answer, if I should go to Philadelphia or New York could I get a position?"

1st. For some mysterious reason, known only to the manufacturers. It would be hard for the makers themselves to give their reasons for all trade marks. It might mean, in this case, that the parties who gamble with them will go to ruin with steamboat speed, but most probably refers to their former great use on Western steamboats. 2d. We think it would not answer. A shipping clerk attends to the shipment of goods. It is no easy matter for a stranger to get such a position in the great cities.

I. C. H., Columbus, Geo.,) says: Please tell me where the following quotation is from:

"Float out, seaweed! float out to the sea.
Come, proud heart, come back to me!"

The author's name is unknown to us. Perhaps some of our readers may know it.

S. B. (Jefferson, Texas.) We are so well supplied that we do not think it would be worth while to send any.

MEMOS. J. B. Potter & Co., of this city, are the publishers.

(Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.)

RIDDLER.

Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 37 letters.
My 18, 18, 6, a tree.
My 33, 2, 27, 30, 12, production of the earth.
My 11, 9, 8, an ancient goddess.
My 29, 5, 14, 17, 3, an animal.
My 20, 22, 35, 25, 17, we dislike to see.
My 16, 21, 34, 30, 1, 25, 15, a place often frequented.
My 32, 36, 24, 33, a town of Maine.
My 10, 30, 14, 6, 18, 26, a town in Virginia.
My 28, 4, 18, 25, 37, 20, we are all subject to.
My 36, 5, 19, 11, cape off east coast of Spain.
My 7, 29, 24, 31, an article of warfare.
My whole is an old but true saying or proverb.

W. F. O.

ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Sit twees lot vole,
Tub O who tither,
Ot veal a rily,
Dan deth ton tig reh.

J. S.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I mean ruin, destruction.
Change my first, and I aid in walking.
Change again, and I am an inhabitant of a certain country.
Change again, and I am a religious temple.
Change again, and I am a girl's name.
Change again, and I am a narrow road.
Change again, and I am part of a horse.
Change again, and I am part of a window.
Change again, and I am not mad.
Change again, and I turn with the wind.
Change again, and I decrease.

South Bend. C. M. BAKER.

WORD SQUARES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I.

A proposition.
Higher in place or rank.
To think.
End of timber fitted in others.
Part of an amphitheatre.

II.

A shell.
A fashionable entertainment.
A kind of drink.
Covering, or case.
Abasement, rash.

III.

Warmth.
Drink.
A fever.
A plant.

Pleasant Hill, N. J. G. H. S.

ANSWERS TO LAST.

CHARADE I—Sandwood.
WORD SQUARE—

I.	II.
BEAR	DOVE
ELBA	OVEN
ABBE	VETO
RAER	KNOW

ENIGMA—Bath.
RIDDLE—Washington.

RECEIPTS.

RADISHES.—The finest are the long scarlet or early scarlet short top. They should be nicely washed, the tip end, and of the roots pinched off, and about one inch of the green stalks left on. Place them in deep glass bowls or goblets. They look very pretty on the table, when well dressed. All wormy ones should be discarded.

RHUBARB.—This is generally used for pies and tarts, though sometimes it is stewed and sweetened for sauce.

INDIAN MUFFINS.—Take one quart of sweet yellow cornmeal, add a teaspoon of salt, have ready one quart of boiling milk; mix the meal to a stiff dough, add nearly a cup of sweet butter merely warmed and a little soda; beat the mixture hard fifteen minutes. While the cakes are making, have six eggs beat seperately till very light, add them gradually to the muffins, and beat them hard five minutes; the dough should be thin enough to beat well; heat the dripping pan and muffin rings, grease them, fill the rings full, and bake thoroughly until done; serve with maple syrup. These are excellent, if will be eaten.

POUND WAFFLES.—One pound powdered loaf sugar, three-fourths of a pound of butter, a short pound of flour, and ten eggs separated and beaten light. Bake in waffle-irons and eat them cold.

PLAIN WAFFLES.—One quart of sweet milk, nine well beaten eggs, two tablespoons of butter, a teaspoon of soda dissolved in the milk and strained, and two of cream of tartar sifted with the flour. Make the batter as thick as pound cake. Season with maple syrup, or cream and sugar.

RICH GERMAN WAFFLES.—Half a pound of butter beat to a cream, the yolks of twelve eggs beaten light, and twelve heaping tablespoons of sifted flour. Beat well in, add four tablespoons of sweet cream, lastly add the whites beaten stiff, and beat all together. Serve hot. Butter the irons with sweet butter. Serve with powdered sugar and cinnamon.

ICE CREAM WITHOUT CREAM.—Take new milk, scald half of it, and thicken it with flour; let it boil until all the raw taste of the flour disappears, and the whole is smooth and as thick as the thickest cream; stir it while hot in the other part of the milk, little by little; flavor with lemon and vanilla, half and half; sweeten very sweet, and strain the whole through a sieve. The milk should be boiled over water for fear of scorching, and the flour thoroughly cooked in it, or it will be very poor. If this is made properly, it will be taken for rich cream; it freezes very smoothly.

☞ A Germantown family has a cat that drinks tea and coffee. He is very fastidious as to the quality of his Young Hyson and Old Government Java. He takes them both "straight," refusing anything in the shape of "trimmings."